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The Shape of Things

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THE WAGE-HOUR BILL HAS EMERGED FROM conference badly mutilated but retaining most of the essentials of the President's original proposal. Liberals will receive the bill with mixed emotions. Recognition of the principle that every worker is entitled to a living wage and protection against long hours is of major significance. Of equal importance is the termination of the long struggle to obtain federal legislation restricting child labor. But the wage provisions of the bill are bitterly disappointing. For the first year the minimum wage is set at 25 cents an hour for a maximum of forty-four hours. This means a wage of $11 a week, or $572 a year, for the hundreds of thousands of workers for whom the minimum will be the standard wage. The lowest estimate of the amount necessary to feed, clothe, and raise a family of four decently is at least three times this amount. Nor will the situation be materially improved in the second year, when the minimum is raised to 30 cents an hour for forty-two hours—which provides a wage of $12.60 a week, or $655 a year. After this transitional period the minimum wage will be fixed by special boards in the various industries, but it is not to be in excess of 40 cents an hour for a forty-hour week. These boards are specifically instructed to take into consideration such factors as transportation, living, and production costs, and wages in similar industries which have been determined by collective bargaining. Regional differentials are thus tacitly permitted, although they may be kept relatively small by honest, capable administration. In fact, the whole bill, like the Labor Relations Act and much other New Deal legislation, may be effective or worthless, depending on the quality of its administrators.

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THE DRIVE AGAINST CASTELLON APPEARS, after great losses, to have given the insurgents control of that important coast town. But in contrast to the situation earlier in the spring, there has been no letdown in Loyalist morale, and a full price has been exacted for every inch of territory yielded. Steeling the government troops in their defense is the knowledge of the fate of their families in the event of rebel victory. Some indica-

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tion of that fate may be found in the report by an investigating judge of the terrorism in Teruel during the period of rebel control of the city. According to the report, as summarized by Lawrence A. Fernsworth in the New York *Times* of June 12, the number of persons killed in cold blood in the Teruel district "could not be less than three thousand, to which must be added the unknown number headed by Don Francisco Martinez, the civil governor, who were deported to Saragossa and shot." Among the dead were two priests from nearby villages who were accused of not cooperating with the military. If there was any disposition on the part of the civilian population to discount these reports, it has been banished in recent weeks by the merciless aerial bombings conducted by Franco's Italian and German allies. Instead of hastening the end of the war, as planned by Mussolini, the bombings seem only to have stiffened Loyalist resistance. They have certainly created a coolness between Italy and its new friend, Great Britain. Even Mr. Chamberlain is finding it difficult to maintain his complacence in the face of the continued bombing of British merchantmen.

*

WHAT PROMISES TO BE ONE OF THE GREAT government investigations in our history has finally been given a green light to proceed by the Senate. There was, of course, the usual jockeying and the usual fears. The Senators and columnists who have been fighting for the right of business to remain free of government scrutiny went back to the Tudor and Stuart tyrannies to prove that the nation's liberties would perish if Congress gave up control of the purse-strings and let the President distribute $400,000 of the half-million voted for the monopoly inquiry among the six government agencies that will be represented on it. But while it is not clear whether the Senate as a whole had more sense or less history than the columnists, it voted to keep the purse-strings in its own hands but to give the apportionment to the President. The House will probably do the same, and this summer will see the beginning of the inquiry. The conductors of the probe have a chance of making it rank with the Pujo and Pecora investigations. Or it may prove just another good idea. The great danger, however good the inquiry may turn out to be, is that we will regard it as a solution of our problem of price and production control. No inquiry can be a solution. Its function is to give us the detailed knowledge of industrial processes that will root a planning program in the soil of reality.

*

A STREAMLINED MODERN MONOPOLY IS being subjected to government battering in the federal courts, where the monopoly suit against the Aluminum Company of America is being tried. Counsel for the company, aided by the press, are trying to build up the impression that it is a benevolent despotism, far different from the odious trusts of the past. But government counsel, headed by Walter L. Rice, who have been working on the case for over a year, are prepared to show that there are only two basic differences. One is that there has never been a monopoly in this country as complete as that of the Mellon-dominated Aluminum Company. The other is that the methods the aluminum trust has used to stifle competition and maintain prices have been far more subtle than those of the oil and tobacco trusts, which once were the objects of popular indignation. But though subtle they have been none the less relentless and effective. Fifty or sixty firms are today complete subsidiaries of the parent holding and operating company. It has dotted the country and even the world with its bauxite mines, processing plants, and water-power sites. By a tight cartel system it keeps foreign competition within easily manageable limits. It has been infinitely fertile in circumventing the anti-trust laws. And it has seen to it that during the past quarter-century, in a period of rapidly expanding uses for aluminum, the price has not been lowered; it stands at twenty cents a pound, where it was in 1911. Profits in a depression year, 1937, were $27,000,000. In the past anti-trust suits begun under one Administration have been dragged out through legal delays until they have collapsed under another. The aluminum suit, it is not unreasonable to hope, may serve to symbolize a new era and give expression to a new sense of urgency.

*

MAYOR HAGUE'S EXCESSES APPEAR AT LAST to have reached the boomerang stage. In Newark hearings continue before Federal Judge William Clark in injunction proceedings brought by the C. I. O. and the American Civil Liberties Union to restrain the Hague machine from forbidding the distribution of pamphlets and from interfering with union activities in general. At the same time two investigations of the riot in Newark, which police permitted to break up a meeting addressed by Norman Thomas, are under way: one is being conducted by Deputy Police Chief Frank E. Brex and one by County Prosecutor William A. Wachenfeld. A full investigation, preferably by a grand jury, was demanded in a resolution adopted by the Protestant Ministerial Association of Essex County and read from the pulpit last Sunday in practically every one of Newark's 300 Protestant churches. Even more impressive are the efforts of veterans' groups to absolve themselves of responsibility for the deluge of eggs and tomatoes which descended on Thomas when he attempted to speak in a Newark public park. The Essex County Council of the Veterans of Foreign Wars branded the affair a "disgraceful exhibition of rowdyism," Goodfellowship Post No. 189 of the American Legion published a written state-

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ment denying participation "in any shape or form in the recent unpleasantness," and a delegation from the East Orange post went a step farther by proposing that the county convention of the Legion invite Mr. Thomas to address its membership. All these repercussions are healthy signs; they should serve as a red light to Hague and as a warning to other two-penny dictators that there are limits. But at the moment there is only one power which can really loosen Hague's strangle-hold. Its restraint so far has done it no credit. How long, Mr. President, how long?

*

RICHARD SCHMITZ, THE FORMER MAYOR OF Vienna, has died in the Dachau concentration camp—according to German press-agency dispatches—following an operation for cancer. Schmitz was one of the most energetic personalities of the new Austria. He was a clerical, but he stood for a program of no compromise and was Schuschnigg's opponent behind the scenes. As a devout Catholic and an enemy of Prussia he was against every external or internal political concession to the National Socialists; he advised the strong hand and often journeyed to Paris—where in his youth he had studied at the Sorbonne—to obtain support against German threats. After Austria signed the "Kultur" pact with Germany on July 11, 1936, his name was always mentioned when difficulties arose in the Cabinet and a possible successor to the Chancellor was considered. In the end when Schuschnigg's tactics had proved fatal, Schmitz wanted to take an extreme step—distribute arms to the trade unionists. He had become burgomaster in February, 1934, after the bloody "disarming" of the workers and the expulsion of his Social Democratic predecessor. Now only by arming his former antagonists could he ward off a similar fate. But it was too late. Burgomaster Schmitz was the first to be arrested by the Nazis, on the very evening of the conquest. One can imagine how many hands had a part in the cancer operation. It is, indeed, a subject for a Goya—a cancer operation in a concentration camp.

*

A ROUND-UP OF JEWS BEGAN IN AUSTRIA in the last week of May. Its purpose apparently could be explained only by Nazi sadism. The terror did not abate for nearly three weeks; each morning Jews between the ages of fifteen and fifty—to a total of several thousand—were snatched from their homes and transported to an unknown destination. When relatives frantically demanded an explanation, the Nazis were evasive. Now postcards from the victims, visibly censored, are arriving from the Dachau concentration camp announcing that things are fine; but simultaneously the Jews of Vienna have learned that seven of the prisoners are already dead. The others, according to the Jewish Telegraphic Agency, which has excelled the other news services in reporting this episode, are at work enlarging the camp, presumably for war-time use. None of the victims were even accused of committing any crime. We hope that prompt steps will be taken by the International Refugee Committee, organized by Secretary Hull, to meet this crisis. The democracies sold Austria cheaply; the least they can do now is to salvage some part of the human wreckage they helped to create.

*

PRIVATE CHARITIES NOW APPEALING FOR donations justifiably stress the existence of a deepening depression. It appears that at least one major agency is unimpressed by its own arguments. In announcing his resignation from the board of the New York Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor, Dr. John A. Kingsbury has challenged practices which are as questionable as they are traditional. In the depth of the present slump the N. A. I. C. P. boasts a capital of $20,000,000, more than one-third of which has been stored away since 1933, when federal relief got under way on a large scale. What goes for relief is the income from the capital fund plus a varying proportion of the money donated each year. Dr. Kingsbury is especially indignant because the board's latest annual report affirmed the essentials of tory economics, assailing relief as a threat to private employment and deploring talk of redistributing wealth. It is Dr. Kingsbury's contention that these pronouncements are a method of attracting private benefactors who might otherwise be less generous. He plausibly insists that such judgments come inappropriately from an association which has failed to dig into its huge capital in a period of great emergency. We too are concerned over what seems to us a callous and illogical attitude. If public relief is dangerous, then surely the N. A. I. C. P. should use a generous proportion of its resources to mitigate the effect of the present emergency. If private funds are to be hoarded while relief is curtailed, mass starvation appears to be the inevitable outcome.

*

SIX WEEKS AGO WE PRINTED AN APPEAL TO *Nation* readers to contribute to a fund for the purpose of buying an ambulance for Spain. We quoted a telegram from Louis Fischer in Paris describing the desperate shortage of ambulances and saying that a good one bought in Paris would cost $1,200. Since then about half that amount has been contributed. This is not a bad response to a single request, but we hope that readers who have not yet sent a contribution will provide the $600 required to round out the sum. The need is as great as ever. Checks should be made out to the Nation Ambulance Fund and sent to the Medical Bureau of the North American Committee to Aid Spanish Democracy, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

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Profits on Slaughter

EVENTS of the past few weeks have shown that the new Japanese Cabinet is likely to stop at nothing in its effort to terrorize China into submission. Never in history has the civilian population of a great city been subjected to such merciless bombings as Canton has undergone in the last fortnight. Starting on May 28 the Japanese have made daily raids against the virtually defenseless city. In the first twelve days of this period more than 3,000 civilians were killed and at least 5,000 wounded. Protests from Great Britain, France, and the United States have been brushed aside with the curt retort that the bombings will go on "until the Chinese . . . realize the futility of their anti-Japanese attitude." From a military point of view the raids are not worth their financial cost, to say nothing of the penalties that may be imposed by an outraged world. While it is obviously important for Japan to disrupt traffic on the Canton-Hankow railway, the city of Canton is only one very small link on that line. A much more effective attack could be made on the long stretches of the railroad outside Canton. Many of the bombs have fallen a long distance from any conceivable military objective, as, for example, the three which hit the American-endowed Lingnan University several miles away from the city.

The relentless aerial attacks on Chinese cities have been accompanied by a powerful offensive along the Lunghai railroad in the north. After months of blundering, caused by underestimating Chinese resistance, the Japanese have finally thrown their full force into the drive. Kaifeng has fallen and the vital city of Chengchow is endangered. It is probable that the Chinese will fall back some miles to a chain of hills where it is hoped that Hankow may be successfully defended. Whether China's temporary capital can actually be saved has become doubtful. The Chinese troops suffered staggering losses in the defense of Hsuchow, both in men and material. With several of his crack divisions decimated, Chiang Kai-shek must fall back on relatively untrained reserves. It is difficult to see how these reserves, inadequately equipped and lacking in trained officers, can withstand the full fury of the Japanese war machine.

Although the immediate prospects are dark, the situation is far from hopeless. The war is going very much as the Chinese leaders have expected from the outset, except that Japan has been delayed much longer than anyone dared to hope. Chiang Kai-shek's plans, drawn up months before the outbreak of hostilities, called for the surrender of the entire coastal region, including Hankow, and withdrawal into the rich Western provinces of Yunnan, Kweichow, and Szechuan. This may yet be necessary, but probably not for many months to come. Meanwhile, the Chinese have developed, in guerrilla warfare, a technique for minimizing the value of Japan's conquests. In the north the Eighth Route Army has virtually recaptured the province of Shansi and dominates the greater part of Hopei, in which Peiping and Tientsin are located. It has set up in the heart of this supposed Japanese area local governments which foreign observers report to be among the most efficient and progressive ever known in China. In addition to disrupting communications, organizing peasant resistance, and wiping out isolated Japanese garrisons, the Eighth Route Army has scored several major victories over large Japanese armies. Its influence reaches even into Manchuria, where Japan is experiencing increasing difficulties with its mixed Manchurian brigades.

It is only natural that the recent Japanese victories should again provoke talk of an early peace. Most of these rumors are Japanese propaganda. After the fall of Nanking the Japanese "news" agencies issued a barrage of reports of an early settlement. Undoubtedly a few Chinese, even in high places, would welcome an early peace on any terms. But Chiang himself is determined to resist to the end, and he seems to have the support of an overwhelming majority of the Chinese people. It is useless to deny, however, that the situation is critical. China may be able to win out ultimately in a straight fight against Japan. But it cannot defeat Japan if the latter continues to receive essential war supplies from the United States and other powers. Shipments from this country can only be embargoed by act of Congress. No legislation exists which would give the President authority to act if he so desired; the Neutrality Act applies only to primary munitions, of which we send Japan very little. The steady flow of gasoline, oil, scrap iron, copper, and machinery from the United States to Japan in recent months can be stopped only by special legislative action. Ultimately the American people will demand that American firms cease making profits through the slaughter of Chinese women and children. If this demand can make itself felt before Congress goes home, many thousands of lives may be saved.

Bombs—Real and Verbal

GOVERNMENTS, especially reform governments, have always had a knack of talking one way and acting another. But our State Department has put a new crinkle into this age-old pattern. It talks two ways and acts not at all.

Consider Mr. Welles and Mr. Hull and Mr. Sayre. They have all made speeches in the past few weeks. And each of them, on the occasion of his speech, has been to all intents and purposes Secretary of State. First, Under Secretary Welles made a speech in Baltimore. It was confused and abject, warning Americans to hold their

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tongues about the "domestic policies" of foreign nations. It was naive of Mr. Welles, with all his "realism," to think that in anything as closely woven as the texture of fascist policy the international could be separated from the domestic. Does the conquest of Austria come under the head of "domestic policy"? If not, do the cruelties inflicted on Jews in Vienna today become domestic once the conquest is achieved? How about the attempts to dissolve or dismember the Czechoslovak state? How about the persecution of Catholics and the barbarities of the concentration camps? How about the entire fascist policy of murder and terrorism within and treaty-breaking and the fomenting of civil war without? If these are no concern of ours, had we not better give up any pretense of working for a secure economy and a decent culture?

A week later Mr. Welles—or was it someone else with the same name?—speaking as Acting Secretary of State, made another statement. This time he talked about the "barbarous" methods of making war in Europe and China. America, Mr. Welles said, "while scrupulously adhering to the policy of non-intervention," had nothing but "emphatic reprobation" of acts which violated "the most elementary principles . . . of humane conduct." That same night Secretary Hull, speaking at Nashville, deplored again the breakdown of international law and world order and the "license of fighting at which even barbarians might blush." He declared that isolation was illusory and dangerous, by which he must have meant that the American State Department will never sign away its right to utter moral protests against ungentlemainly wars "carried on without reverence for any divine or human law." Three days later Assistant Secretary Sayre, speaking over the radio, declared that "the United States cannot afford to be a cipher at this crucial moment of the world's history." "Supine inaction in effect means siding with the evil against the good."

All of which leaves us where? We must protest, but we must be quiet. We must not be isolationist, but we must adhere scrupulously to a policy of non-intervention. America cannot afford to be a cipher, but when it comes to specific action such as lifting the Spanish embargo we are paralyzed with fear.

It is time that the various State Department spokesmen stopped trying to lead this double life. And it is time also that they stopped trying to run a seminar on high morality in a vacuum. It is a real world—a world of political action. It is not verbal bombshells that have in the past year been dropped on Canton, Guernica, Alicante, Barcelona, but actual engines of death, high explosives that tear relentlessly through concrete, brick, iron, human bodies. In Canton the dead and injured in the last series of air raids totaled over eight thousand. After a single raid the bodies laid out on a street formed a row a hundred yards long. In Barcelona three thousand have been killed in air raids in a single month. The raids have no military objectives nor do they make any sense from a military standpoint. Their victims are civilians, and especially women and children. The bombs are dropped wherever they cluster in the largest numbers—in movie houses, department stores, market-places.

The State Department and the President must decide whether their policy will be one of "supine inaction" sweetened by "emphatic reprobation," or whether America will take the few actions of elementary justice and self-interest that will mean more for world order than all the words that officials can utter. If Mr. Hull and Mr. Welles (in his second role) and Mr. Sayre want their words to be taken seriously, let them cooperate with the progressive sentiment of the country which is demanding specific action.

First, let them reopen the question of lifting the Spanish embargo. Nothing that we can say about the Spanish bombings will speak half as eloquently as action to give the Spanish government the right to buy from us the means for defending itself. Secondly, let us clamp down on sending war materials to Japan. Secretary Hull's statement that he is "taking measures" to discourage the sale of American airplanes to Japan is but a transparent means of dodging the issue. Experience has shown that it is difficult enough to stop shipments which have the authority of law behind them. They cannot be stopped by sermons on morality. Let the State Department act in accordance with the principles of its recent statements. Then and only then is it entitled to indulge in the luxury of preaching on justice and world order.

What Every Young Man Should Know

COMMENCEMENT addresses are an uninspired phase of campus folklore, as conventional as their authors, as inevitable as the academic procession. What distinguishes them this year is the fiction they strive so earnestly to perpetuate. Throughout these ceremonies one detects a stubborn nostalgia, a reaffirmation of values which were supreme in the boom years, an exhortation to hold firm until there is room for one more at the top. The orators mourn the present; they also exalt the past with fond backward glances.

Surely the threat of economic despair and moral emptiness needs no reiteration. If anything, repetition dulls its impact. What concerns us here are the images so tenderly resurrected. Does the real frustration of the new graduate lie in his inability to become a captain of industry or a second lieutenant to Tom Girdler? The Commencement orators too often say yes; and inadvertently their answer points to an essential failure of our higher

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learning. For its premises have been too dominantly the vanishing rainbows of capitalist achievement. Why does no one rise to challenge those premises? It is true that the boys of 1938 face hard and bitter days; but did those older boys so generally make good, even in their own terms?

Throughout the years the fate of university graduates, the paths followed, have been necessarily varied. But the standard of achievement has remained fixed and its pattern has been accepted by the majority. Our colleges have turned out industrial chieftains, talented union-busters, tired business men, literary vassals, and the hosts of little, ambitious men who have sought so earnestly to mimic the big shots. All of them were caught in the competitive merry-go-round; wealth was the inevitable barometer of attainment; Money Bags was a nice fellow personally, and the country club epitomized success in life. These strivings were officially sanctified with honorary degrees for the chief victors. But where are the conformists now, with their system of values withering, and even financial success reserved for the few who have learned to profit from a declining economy?

Why do our universities offer no set of affirmative values. They implore one to keep a stiff upper lip. They point with pride to the past, romanticizing the once stuffed shirt. The tragedy of the graduate of 1938 is real, but it cannot be measured accurately by the dubious success of his predecessors. It is part of an incalculably larger process in which millions of lives and a whole social system are at stake. And here, indeed, is the slender hope which the orators do not define. For if there are trenches ahead, there are at least no ruts of smugness and self-deception. What remains, if only it can be perceived, is the discovery that personal safety is inseparable from the survival of democracy. If there is solace, it must be found on expectant faces in Steeltown and Madrid. To be a part of that company, to sense a mutuality of aspiration—that is the only surely available success in life. But this is alien to the traditions and caste feelings so neatly rationalized on Commencement platforms. The ultimate peril in the graduate's plight is his possible demoralization in the absence of understanding, his loss of dignity, the slow disintegration of his skills. Out of contempt for life come Storm Troops seeking revenge.

No single address could have adequately prepared for the days of suspense ahead. It might have offered a minimum of perspective, an awareness of the immensity of the pattern and the sweep of events, a renewed faith in the possibility of an equitable society. Instead, the orators thumbed frayed pages. They decided that the speeches which were good enough for their fathers were good enough for the boys of 1938. They sent young men in pursuit of shadows whose substance has long ago departed and whose grandeur exists only in memory.

Blockade

WALTER WANGER, Hollywood producer, released on May 14 a copy of a cable he had received from the London publicity director of United Artists, which distributes his films. It read as follows:

> Understand here from reliable source Franco will bitterly resent any adverse criticism in your Spain picture "Blockade." Fear retaliation in Spain and Italy on future films after war is over. Suggest you contact Italian film envoy now in New York and reassure him. Gossip here is that Hollywood is hotbed of political adventurers reporting on current film production. What is actual status of "Blockade"?

Mr. Wanger, who was not impressed, made the following comment:

> Efforts are being made to force me to change certain sequences in "Blockade" which, if done, would change the entire connotation of this picture.
>
> I do not intend to be coerced, and will resist any attempts to force me to curb or alter my picture. I not only feel my huge investment in the picture demands this protection, but am determined to make a stand to obtain for Hollywood producers the freedom of pictorial creation to which our industry is entitled.

"Blockade," which is scheduled to open in first-run moving-picture houses all over the country this week, is Hollywood's third and only important attempt at a film based on the present war in Spain. According to preview reports from Hollywood, it is a moving presentation of a people fighting for the right to live in peace and freedom on their own land, and while it mentions no names it leaves no doubt that its hero is the Spanish Loyalist Republic.

Despite Mr. Wanger's firm stand, the release of the picture is said to have been delayed by pressure from within the industry, and it is widely rumored that the Legion of Decency and the Catholic church will give Mr. Wanger a battle. So far the pressure has not been overt or public—perhaps because the pro-Franco forces find it difficult to think up plausible reasons for protesting against a film which portrays the foreign invasion of a sovereign nation. Perhaps the pressure will continue to be under cover. In which case the best counter-pressure is public support of the film. One pressure Hollywood cannot resist is money in the box office. We have not seen "Blockade" and therefore cannot pass upon its merits as a picture, but Mr. Wanger's courage deserves support. By going to see "Blockade" you can kill two ravens with one paid admission: support Mr. Wanger in his resistance to General Franco's "resentment" and encourage the production of films dealing with important issues. For if such films pay, Hollywood will make them.

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Congressional Fade-out

BY PAUL Y. ANDERSON

Washington, June 13

THE suffering inflicted on correspondents by the necessity of getting out a periodical on time is something which the average mortal never even suspects, much less endures. I have a fairly clear notion of what is likely to happen around here in the next three days, but a man would be a fool to gamble much on it. Congress probably will adjourn before the end of this week, and the things Congress can do in the days immediately preceding adjournment would cause anyone to pause. The relief-recovery bill apparently will pass in acceptable form. All the schemes for earmarking and delay have been frustrated, including one proposed by the ineffable Doc Copeland which would have converted the public-works section into a flagrant pork-barrel measure.

As for the wage-hour bill as it stands, the most to be said in its favor is that it serves as a declaration of policy and a long-delayed start in the right direction. Restored purchasing power and the more abundant life cannot be very near if they are to be reached by such stages as that which guarantees a minimum wage of $11 for a forty-four-hour week during the first year and of $12.60 for a forty-two-hour week the second year. With differentials to be fixed by industrial boards, the bill obviously is full of dangerous possibilities. It will require further analysis when it takes final form. Certainly the Administration should not have been intimidated by threats of a filibuster. That kind of filibuster can cut both ways—and would.

Much more valuable to labor than the wage-hour bill, in my judgment, was a little measure which slipped through the Senate by unanimous consent one day last week. While the watchdogs of the special interests slumbered at their posts, the Senate adopted an amendment to the Walsh-Healey Act providing that no person or concern shall be *eligible to bid* on a government contract in excess of $2,000 who has been found guilty of an unfair labor practice. I described this measure in *The Nation* of April 9. At that time it was in the form of an amendment to the Wagner Act. On its face it would outlaw as bidders on government contracts such haughty industrial giants as Bethlehem Steel and Bethlehem Shipbuilding, New York Shipbuilding, Newport News Shipbuilding, Ford Motor, Republic Steel, Inland Steel, and Remington-Rand. It would apply to nearly all construction under the naval-rearmament program and to most of the contracts to be let under the relief-recovery bill. But not so fast! It was hardly on its way to the House before the

Drawing by A. Sopher

wolves were hot on the trail. It has been favorably reported by the majority of the House Judiciary Committee, but there remains John O'Connor's dread firing squad, the Rules Committee.

As a matter of fact, it did not get out of the Judiciary Committee without becoming the innocent cause of a scandalous episode. The minority opposing it submitted a report urging that all such legislation be deferred on the ground that President Roosevelt has recognized "the unsatisfactory operation of the National Labor Relations Act, and has announced that a special commission will be appointed by him to study the whole problem." This atrocious falsehood the President proceeded to nail promptly and publicly in a letter to Chairman Sumners. What he had actually done was to propose the appointment of a commission to report on industrial relations in Great Britain, "in order that certain misconceptions may be clarified." As lawyers, members of the Judiciary Committee—even minority members—should know enough to read papers before signing them.

In connection with that general subject, let me point out that if the officials of the Columbia Broadcasting System are eager to hasten censorship or government operation of radio, they should keep right on supplying time to such persons as Representative Clare Hoffman of Michigan for such scurrilous, hypocritical attacks as the one he delivered Saturday night against the C.I.O. Readers of *The Nation* and others will recall that Hoffman made a speech in Johnstown, Pennsylvania, when

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the notorious "Citizens' Committee" was "restoring law and order" through the use of funds supplied by Bethlehem Steel. In the course of it he said: "What we need in the White House is a man with the capacity of Mayor Shields." Mayor Shields, an ex-bootlegger, had already served one term for tampering with evidence in a prohibition case. He has since been indicted on a bribery charge arising from the very activities for which Hoffman would have made him President. A few days ago Hoffman charged in the House that a union paper had printed a decision by the Labor Board before the board handed it down. Investigation immediately showed the charge to be false. Moreover, complete evidence of its falsity was contained in the paper on which Hoffman purported to base it. The board felt constrained to issue a statement calling attention to Hoffman's "irresponsibility." To allow a man of his demonstrated character to use public radio channels for a tirade of the kind he delivered Saturday night is an offense against decency.

Well, there was a primary election in Iowa, and it probably is just as well it turned out as it did. If the story editors and columnists were not able to scratch up a crumb of comfort now and then, they might simply swell up to fantastic proportions and explode, scattering showers of boiling spleen and smoldering punk over the landscape. For those who may be interested in the facts, here they are: The leading contenders for the Democratic senatorial nomination, Senator Guy Gillette and Representative Otha Wearin, both ran as ardent New Dealers. The chief difference in their records was that Gillette had voted against the court-reorganization plan, whereas Wearin said he would have voted for it if he had voted. Gillette had the solid support of the Democratic state organization, headed by Governor Kraschel and Senator Clyde Herring, the national committeeman. He was indorsed by the A. F. of L. and the railroad unions. Wearin, who is thirty-five and virtually unknown outside his own district, had the doubtful benefit of a statement by Harry Hopkins that, if he voted in Iowa, he would vote for Wearin, and the equally doubtful benefit of a letter in which Jim Roosevelt alluded to him as "my friend." That's all. If he had anything else, I haven't heard of it. Gillette won in an extremely light vote (the kind in which organization counts). On the basis of that, I hear that the New Deal once more is "on the rocks."

However, while the children amuse themselves with the Iowa results, I invite the attention of adults to the fact that a very genuine and valid test of New Deal popularity is coming soon in Kentucky. There will be no casual left-handed pats on the back when the Administration starts going down the line for Senator Barkley. The chips are down in Kentucky and everything will be strictly business. On the other side is Governor "Happy" Chandler, an adroit politician and a very successful vote-getter, backed by a powerful state machine. If Barkley loses, I think it will be doubtful whether Roosevelt can control the next national convention.

A New Loophole for Tories

BY I. F. STONE

TREATMENT of the Kansas City Stockyards case in the press gave the ordinary reader the impression that another Administration official had been rebuked by a vigilant Supreme Court for denying the right to a fair trial. Though the distortions seemed mild after the mendacities of the campaign against the reorganization bill, the newspapers—with a few honorable exceptions—sacrificed the facts to their hatred of the New Deal. No one would have guessed that the importance of the case lay in the appearance of another of those ingenious doctrinal contrivances by which corporation lawyers succeed in throwing legalistic monkey wrenches into the machinery of our regulatory agencies. The protest of counsel against "totalitarian tactics" was thought more worthy of publicity.

A National Labor Relations Board anxious to avoid the noose of any technicality acted to withdraw from the courts five cases—including those against Ford and Republic Steel—for further action consistent with the rule the stockyards decision seemed to lay down. Headlines implying that the NLRB, as well as the Secretary of Agriculture, had come under judicial disapproval were its only reward. That the stockyards rate inquiry had been initiated under Hoover, in accordance with the terms of a law passed under Harding, was mentioned in few news columns and on few editorial pages. The impression that the proceeding had been arbitrary could hardly have survived if the press had called attention to the three years of investigation and hearings before the Department of Agriculture, the 13,000 pages of testimony taken in those hearings, the 1,000 pages of exhibits submitted. Few persons knew that the lower court had on three occasions declined to upset the rate order finally handed down by the Secretary. No stress was laid on the fact that the New Deal had come in only on the tail-end of the proceedings, and that there was dispute whether

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the error found by the Supreme Court had been committed by Mr. Hoover's or by Mr. Roosevelt's Department of Agriculture. The circumstance that "all those who worked on the order were 'holdovers' from the Hoover Administration" was hidden in a footnote to the brief submitted on behalf of the commission men affected by the order. Their counsel, one of the country's outstanding corporation lawyers, Frederick H. Wood of Cravath, de Gersdorff, Swaine, and Wood, the attorney who won the Schechter case against the NRA, paid tribute—though for reasons of his own—to the rules by which Secretary Wallace has been governing rate hearings in his department since 1936. The tribute remained a secret, so far as the newspaper reader was concerned.

To place the Kansas City Stockyards case in perspective one must go back to the publication in 1890 of a report by a Senate committee investigating the "meat trust." The revelations in this report helped to force passage of our first federal anti-trust law, the Sherman Act, in that same year. Prosecution under the anti-trust laws was successful in obtaining judicial decrees against the packers, but a protean agility enabled them to maintain the benefits of combination while changing its forms. In 1919 three decades of effort to curb monopoly practices in meat-packing were summarized in all their futility by a famous Federal Trade Commission report, and a new legislative gesture was in order. There was talk of making the industry a sort of public utility. The result was a sleight-of-hand performance, the Packers and Stockyards Act, which conferred power on the Secretary of Agriculture to regulate rates in the less important end of the business, the stockyards, but gave him only the blunderbuss of the cease-and-desist order in dealing with the packers. The law was passed in 1921, but enforcement was slow. The fall in livestock prices after the 1929 crash led to the first vigorous attempt to reduce the rates charged by the men who sell livestock on commission in the stockyards. In April, 1930, under pressure from farmers, Hoover's Secretary of Agriculture began an investigation into the rates at the Kansas City yards. Eight years later the rate reduction resulting from this inquiry is still in litigation, another testimonial to the efficiency of regulation under our system of judicial review.

It sometimes happens, in cases destined to play a great role in constitutional law, that contemporary opinion is focused on a point of minor importance, and the true significance of the decision does not appear until its potentialities have been developed in litigation. At the time of *Marbury* v. *Madison* the refusal of their commission to the "midnight judges" appointed by the Federalist Adams seemed of more moment to partisans than the assertion by Marshall of a right to declare laws unconstitutional. In the stockyards case attention has been concentrated on the question of whether administrative and quasi-judicial agencies using trial examiners to take testimony must serve defendants with an intermediate report for argument before making their decision. The Supreme Court's own opinion on the matter has the ambiguity characteristic of oracles. In 1936, in the first Kansas City stockyards decision, the court said that "while it would have been good practice to have the examiner prepare a report . . . we cannot say that that particular type of procedure was essential. . . . The statute does not require it." This year, in its second decision on the case, the court held that the absence of an examiner's report, at least under the circumstances of this particular controversy, was the "fatal defect." But a few weeks later in the Mackay case the Supreme Court held that it was not necessary for the National Labor Relations Board to provide an intermediate report of this kind.

The significance of the stockyards decisions does not lie in their vague rule on examiners' reports; the practice of providing them, which is a good one, was adopted by the Department of Agriculture in 1936 and by the Labor Board after the second decision. The significance of the stockyards case lies in the development of a new method for hamstringing regulation. The effect of the court decisions is to hold the regulatory responsibilities of the Secretary of Agriculture—and by implication any other administrative or quasi-judicial officer wielding similar powers—personal rather than departmental; to make it possible to interrogate the official on the part he personally took in any particular case and to argue the question whether what he did was sufficient to fulfil his personal obligation under the statute. A new source of litigation is thus tapped by the decisions; they come freighted with the troublesome and unrealistic assumption that the regulatory process is a kind of criminal proceeding, bound by the same rules and to be held within the same mold.

The principle that the Secretary's regulatory duty, though he may employ assistants and examiners, is ultimately a personal function raises interminable problems for regulatory officials and boards. It is without precedent. In the case of the Secretary of Agriculture the Kansas City stockyards are only one of 160 stockyards the rates of which he must regulate; the Packers and Stockyards Act itself is only one of nineteen laws which give him regulatory duties to perform, in addition to his other work. The lower court ruled that these regulatory duties were, as had always been assumed before, a departmental, not a personal, function; that to hold otherwise would be to make the Secretary's task impossible. To Mr. Wood, representing the commission men, the fact that to decide otherwise might lead to a breakdown of administrative law was (we quote his brief) "a mere argument of convenience." An examination of the seventy-four interrogatories addressed by him to the Labor Board in the Ford case shows what use can be made of

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these new principles in harassing regulatory bodies. In addition to demagogic inquiries as to whether the board had communicated with Corcoran, Cohen, John L. Lewis, Maurice Sugar, or other bogymen before reaching its decision, the interrogatories include brain twisters, time wasters, and argument breeders of this sort:

> 62. Describe accurately, specifically, and in detail the nature and character of each summary, condensation, abstract, analysis, synopsis, note, report, memorandum, or other written comment with respect to each exhibit.
>
> 63. State as to each document mentioned in the answer to the preceding interrogatory whether it was read or inspected by the board or any member thereof, and if read or inspected in part only, specify which part, by whom, and when.

A reference to "full hearing" in the statute is skilfully extended until it becomes a method whereby the accused may become the accuser; we wonder whether a judge would consent to interrogation on what help was given him by his legal secretary in preparing a decision. The stockyards decisions, echoing Mr. Wood's able pleading, adumbrate a complementary and equally dangerous principle—that regulatory orders may be invalidated by a defect in procedure. "The question is not simply, or even primarily, one of due process," Mr. Wood argued. "The statute itself requires a 'full hearing' before the officer to whom the rate-making function was delegated—in this case the Secretary of Agriculture. In the absence of such a 'full hearing' the order is void, even though the findings, conclusions, and order are sufficiently supported by the record, because otherwise the statutory conditions upon which the order must rest have not been met." The Supreme Court held this year, "As the hearing was fatally defective, the order of the Secretary was invalid."

From June, 1933, when the Secretary's order was issued, until November, 1937, the stockyards men went on charging their old rates, but the difference between them and those fixed by the Secretary was impounded. (In November, 1937, they reached a consent agreement with the Secretary on a new schedule identical with the Secretary's on hogs and sheep but differing from it on cattle.) Between 1933 and 1937 a total of $700,000 was impounded by the lower court. To whom should the money go? The farmers or the commission men? Mr. Wood claims that the money should be returned to his clients because the order has been held invalid, even though it was held invalid only on a procedural defect and even though the lower courts have three times held the order valid on the merits of the case. "The common law courts," the government objected in its unsuccessful plea for a rehearing in the Supreme Court, "struggled for centuries to free themselves from the conception that a false step in procedure warranted termination of a lawsuit without regard to the merits." The Supreme Court remained silent on the question. What if corporation lawyers now establish the principle that the orders of regulatory bodies can be voided on the basis of a procedural defect? What if the Labor Board's decision in the Ford case can be invalidated, not because it violates reason, justice, or the Constitution, but because some board member was guilty of a breach of judicial table manners?

The history of regulation in the United States is a heart-breaking race between an intermittently aroused public opinion and the tireless ingenuity of the corporation lawyer. It usually takes the reverberations of a great scandal to bring long-projected reforms out of well-lobbied legislative committee rooms, but the enactment of the law is rarely the correction of the evil. The corporations to be regulated seek first to control the agencies set up to regulate them; the deplorable state of our public-utility commissions shows how often they succeed. New devices are invented to replace those forbidden; thus the merger and the holding company replaced the trust. The bar invents, and the courts sooner or later accept, doctrines tending to emasculate regulatory legislation: the "rule of reason" took the heart out of the anti-trust laws; the concept of a "confiscatory rate" which could be enjoined by judicial review dragged utility rate-making into endless intricacies. The task is best accomplished by widening the jurisdiction of the courts, a forum in which the sterile ratiocinations of the corporation lawyer are assured of a respectful hearing. The concept of a "full hearing" as brought to light in the Kansas City Stockyards case seems as innocuous and undebatable as the idea of a bar against "confiscatory" rates. But who would have dreamed when the idea was first accepted by the Supreme Court in 1890 that the simple concept of confiscation would be extended to the point where a water company can claim a right to a 6 or 7 per cent return (I now echo Justice Black's dissent in the Indianapolis Water Company case) on an estimate of $200,000 as the cost which the company would incur if called upon to discharge an imaginary duty to improve a stream for imaginary sailors? Who knows, after a glimpse of the Ford case interrogatories, to what lengths the concept of "full hearing" may not be carried in clogging the course of administrative action and particularly the activities of the Labor Board?

The Kansas City Stockyards case illustrates anew two formidable obstacles to the democratic process. One lies in the control of the chief agency of information, the press, by those whose power social reform would curtail. The other lies in the control of the chief agency of enenforcement, the courts, by judges more at home in dialectics than in facts. We have seen thugs beat Frankensteen and his fellows in Dearborn. Striking employees of Girdler were shot down by the police. But for Ford and Girdler the scales of the law are being adjusted to the last split hair.

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How Free Is Our Press?

BY WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

TODAY it is not considered at all significant that publishing a newspaper is a business, a legitimate business, which in certain of its higher realms may be reasonably called big business. But I came into the newspaper business fifty years ago and more, when journalism was passing out of its status as a trade and becoming a profession. As a profession it lasted for a generation or two. And in that period what once ideally might have been called a noble calling was transformed into a fairly safe 6 per cent investment.

Before the Civil War, back to Benjamin Franklin's time, an editor was generally an emeritus printer. The rules and traditions of his trade guided him, and the mechanical end of his day's work often interested the editor quite as much as his editorial policies. Which was natural enough. For often his editorial policy was a nice compromise between blackmail and begging. In my day, that is to say, beginning with the middle 1880's, the newspaper business began to merge into what was called in highfaluting terms "journalism." We reporters and editors fifty years ago scorned the term. But it prevailed over us. Journalism became a profession, not exactly one of the learned professions but a profession of sorts. It was still recruited, even at the turn of the century, largely from the composing-room of the printing office. Horace Greeley's festive phrase for college graduates—"other longhorn critters"—still echoed in the American newspaper offices in McKinley's day. Fifty years ago a fast-talking printer could borrow money from his friends or from a political banker and could establish a newspaper in a town for a sum that might be roughly estimated as a dollar for each five of the town's population. The country editor in a town of anywhere from a thousand to fifty thousand made about as much money as the local lawyer or doctor or grocer, not so much as the banker or the merchant prince of the drygoods store, and rather more but not much more than the preacher. The editor of McKinley's time belonged to the ruling class and took off his hat only to the town banker or maybe the men who owned the street cars and the waterworks. But he was a free man, this American editor of the last quarter of the old century. And being a free man, barring the tentacles of his mortgage, he ran a free press, restricted only by his courage, his honesty, and his intelligence. No outside influence restrained his powers.

With the turn of the century something new appeared in the country newspaper business. It was the linotype, the mechanical typesetter, and along with it came the rotary press, both expensive contraptions and both made necessary by expanding business which came to the editor's door. Common schools were increasing his subscription lists, and merchants found that by advertising they could create wants where no wants normally existed. So under the impulse of more subscribers and bigger and better advertisers, slowly in the first two decades of this century the costs of producing a newspaper began to rise. No longer could a man go to a county seat with $1,500 in cash and a good line of talk and buy or start a newspaper. When the armistice of the World War was signed, the business formula of the mechanical requirements of a country newspaper changed, and it required something like $10 for each head of population to buy the machinery, the typesetting machines, the press, and the stereotyping equipment, and to provide the working capital necessary to go into competition with the established newspaper in an American rural community, say a town of from one thousand to one hundred thousand population.

Obviously the young man whose father had breezed into town with a good line of talk and had persuaded the country banker to put up from $1,500 to $2,000 to start a newspaper could not get into the newspaper business himself as a proprietor in the machine age. And the old itinerant printer of Horace Greeley's day who according to the colloquialism of that ancient time could start a newspaper with a shirttail full of type and a cheese press had gone to join the troubadours, the mound builders, and the gay dancers in the Dionysian revels.

The trade which had become a profession turned into a business, and there it is today. And now an editor in a little country town all of whose inhabitants could be herded into a good-sized skyscraper comes before you as a small business man with a pay roll of $1,200 a week. When I bought the Emporia *Gazette* the pay roll was $45 a week, and twenty years before that the pay roll of the country newspaper in my town was less than $25 a week. Behold a miracle of the machine age.

In the next ten years the press may change again—certainly in its material aspect. Rotary presses, linotypes, stereotyping machinery may join the crossbow, the neck-yoke, and the portcullis upon the ashheap of forgotten gadgets. But the merchandising of the news for a long while to come will be affected as it is now with a strong property interest. It will require machinery to assemble the news. It will require capital to distribute the news.

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And capital today or tomorrow always has a lively sense of its own advantage. Capital is instinctively, for all the noble intentions of us capitalists, class conscious. It is that class consciousness which is discrediting the press of the world today, particularly the press of the English-speaking democracies. Any newspaper in any American town represents a considerable lot of capital for the size of the town. The owners of newspaper investments, whether they be bankers, stockholders of a corporation, or individuals, feel a rather keen sense of financial responsibility, and they pass their anxiety along to newspaper operatives whether these operatives be superintendents known as managing editors, foremen known as city editors, or mere wage-earners known as editorial writers, copy-desk men, reporters, or what not. The sense of property goes thrilling down the line. It produces a slant and a bias that in time becomes—unconsciously and probably in all honesty—a prejudice against any man or any thing or any cause that seriously affects the right, title, or interest of all other capital, however invested. It is not the advertising department that controls the news. Newspapermen may lean over backward in their upright attitude toward the obviously unfair demands of advertisers and the moronic prejudices of subscribers, and still may be poor miserable sinners when they discuss problems affecting the stability of institutions that are founded entirely upon the economic status quo.

We editors realize that we have lost caste with the American people. We are on the bad books of public esteem, not heavily in the red but teetering back and forth between the right and the wrong side of the ledger. Labor as a class distrusts us. It wouldn't distrust us entirely without reason. The labor press sneers at us—that is to say, those class-conscious newspapers that are circulated entirely in what is known as labor circles. But one discounts frankly labeled class papers. It is a shame that the public also has to discount certain areas of the plug-hat section of the newspaper gallery, which is supposed to be impartial, high-minded, absolutely dependable. One should quickly qualify this statement. It is not true of *all* papers or of any paper at all times. Moreover, in the last three years great improvement has been made by the metropolitan press as a whole. Trained reporters who know the implications of labor's struggle are now used by certain great newspapers to get at the exact truth. But reporters trained to handle labor struggles are few, and the struggles are many. And much room remains for improvement in the handling of labor news by the American press.

The deficiencies of American journals in treating the news of what we might as well frankly if regretfully call the class struggle in this country are found largely in unconscious political attitudes. It is so easy to "policy" the news. Indeed, it is so hard not to policy the news when the news is affected with a vital bread-and-butter interest to the capitalist who controls a newspaper, great or small. And strangely and sadly enough, capital is so fluid that a threat to the safety of any investment seems to be a threat to all investments. Therefore newspapers which represent sizable investments are tempted to shy off and shiver when in Congress, in the legislature, or in the City Hall a man or a group threatens an investment in any kind of patent medicine, in any kind of holding company, in any kind of misbranded food, in any kind of railroad security, in any kind of banking affiliate, good or bad. It is no longer the advertiser who puts on the pressure. It is not even the boss back of the pay roll who begins to quake. It is the whole middle and upper structure of society. Sooner or later the truth about any social abuse is gladly received by the middle class and by those who own and control newspaper investments. But off the bat, the newspapers representing the innate conservatism of property interests which crystallize middle-class psychology are sometimes unfair in their treatment of men or movements that threaten to disturb property in any form.

Which is only another way of saying that every new day produces its own peculiar threats to liberty. A decade or so ago it seemed likely that the direct pressure of large advertisers, as for instance department stores, might affect the press with a bias. Probably that danger is decreasing. The newspaper publisher stands the economic equal of his largest advertiser, and today the average publisher is wise enough to know that in the newspaper business it pays to be honest. But today we are faced with a new menace to the freedom of the press, a menace in this country vastly more acute than the menace from government. And this menace may come through the pressure not of one group of advertisers but of a wide sector of newspaper advertisers. Newspaper advertising is now placed partly, if not largely, through nation-wide newspaper advertising agencies. Some of these agencies have lately become advisers of great industrial corporations, which also advertise. These advertising agencies undertake to protect their clients from what the clients and agents may regard as real dangers from inimical social, political, or industrial influences. As advisers the advertising agencies may exercise unbelievably powerful pressure upon newspapers. There is grave danger that in the coming decade, as social, industrial, and economic problems become more and more acute, this capacity for organized control of newspaper opinion by the political advisers of national advertisers may constitute a major threat to a free press.

And while we are on the subject of a free press this black mark must be put down against editorial judgment in general: it rises in the circulation department—a low subconscious lust to acquire circulation and hold it in the moron latitudes of the population. It affects all editors more or less. I am guilty of this sin for all my noble

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protestations. And because I am guilty I realize that the circulation department of a newspaper is as dangerous as the advertising department in menacing the ultimate freedom of the press. It is not that we play up sex crime like Bernarr Macfadden or amplify the details of murder. Our sin lies deeper than that: we do not use the same talents to expand and elaborate good news that we almost instinctively use in writing and displaying human weaknesses and depravity. For instance, I had to find the news of the Scandinavian Neutrality Pact on the seventh page of my favorite newspaper, which is commonly accounted a decent newspaper. As far as I know, it was not in the press report that came to the Missouri valley. If it came here, the *Gazette's* telegraph editor, who is trained to look after such things and play them up, missed it. Yet the news that Sweden, Norway, Iceland, Denmark, and Finland had signed a declaration pledging their forces to a common neutrality policy in the event of war between other states was worth more than any rape in the country that day, worth more than the story of any lovelorn lady who shot her man to death, worth more than the news of capers cut by any Hollywood star or Long Island socialite. It is because we overlook opportunities like this that the people have a keen and accurate sense that much of editorial anxiety about the freedom of the press rises out of editorial greed.

The problem of the American newspaper today is to open its channels of cordial reception to new social ideals and to insure fair treatment for any reform or any reformer who is obviously honest, reasonably intelligent, and backed by any considerable minority of the public. How can this be done? How can the newspapers become open-minded? I don't know. They might try to hire as doorkeepers in the house of the Lord, at copy desks and in editorial chairs, men who are free to make decisions about newspaper copy, guided by their own instincts, following their own hunches, and not controlled by an itch to move to the next higher desk by pleasing his High Potency who sits in the mahogany-paneled room in front of the front of the front office. If owners would encourage a little chronic arthritis of the knee in the lower realms of reporting and copyreading we might come out from the clouds of suspicion that envelop our noble profession at the moment. But I suppose in the end newspapers cannot be free, absolutely free in the highest and best sense, until the whole social and economic structure of American life is open to the free interplay of democratic processes.

Austria's Outcasts—a Who's Who

BY EMIL LENGYEL

AUSTRIAN culture has been driven into exile at a faster rate than Germany's. Not quite five weeks after Hitler's occupation of Austria, the Vienna edition of the *Völkischer Beobachter* celebrated the cleansing of its literature, stage, music, and press. Books were burned symbolically by removing them from the public shelves. The intellectual capital of the Danube valley has been reduced to the status of an East Prussian garrison town. Vienna's cosmopolitan tolerance, *Gemütlichkeit*, and genius have been outlawed.

In the annihilation of Austrian culture with such lightning speed Hitler's personal animus was a factor of importance. In his youth he conceived a deep hatred for the intellectual life of his native country, from which he was excluded. It was in Vienna that this unrecognized artist collected his obsessions. In "Mein Kampf" he poured forth his invectives against *verjudete* Vienna, "the incestuous city."

Today Austria can be talked about only in the past tense so far as science, art, and literature are concerned. Professor Sigmund Freud, the eighty-two-year-old father of psychoanalysis, left Vienna for London early in June. The Nazi coordinated press referred to the Freudian psychoanalytic school as a "pornographic Jewish specialty." Freud's fortune and publishing house have been seized and many of his books have been destroyed. Three Nobel Prize winners have also incurred the Nazi wrath. Professor Otto Loewi, winner of the prize for physiology and medicine in 1936, whose fame rests chiefly on his pioneer investigations in the field of transmission of nerve impulses, was jailed. Professor Erwin Schroedinger, winner of the prize for physics in 1933, and Professor Victor G. Hess, 1937 prize winner, noted for his cosmic-ray research, were removed from their university positions. Professor Ferdinand Blumenthal, internationally known cancer specialist, who had been forced to leave Germany and Yugoslavia, was arrested. Professor Heinrich Neumann, one of Europe's greatest ear specialists, was also imprisoned for a time. He had been consulting physician of the Spanish dynasty, the Duke of Windsor, and the King of Albania. His arrest may have been due to a jocular remark. He is reported to have said that only liars can have the type of throat trouble from which Hitler is said to be suffering. The intervention of the Duke of Windsor on his behalf was not successful, but pressure from the London Foreign Office eventually

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brought about the release of Loewi and Neumann, both of whom are now safely abroad.

Suicide has taken a heavy toll among Austria's leading scientists. The list is incomplete because of the prohibition against publishing obituary notices of prominent suicides. The head of the second clinic of medicine, Professor Denk, killed himself. So did two famous gynecologists of the University of Vienna, Professors Nobl and Oscar Frankl, the former head of the children's clinic. Dr. Knöpfelmacher, Dr. Gustav Bayer of Innsbruck and his daughter, and the mathematician Albert Smolenskin were also among this number. Dr. Knöpfelmacher, a man in his middle seventies, sought escape in death from torture and humiliation. Young S. S. men had forced him to drink huge doses of castor oil.

The long list of prominent Austrian scientists arrested by the Nazis includes such well-known men as Dr. Armand Kaminka, founder of the Vienna Maimonides Institute; Professor Othmar Spann, economist at the University of Vienna (curiously, he had the reputation of being a reactionary); Dr. Sigmund Strauss, one-time collaborator of Heinrich Hertz of "Hertz wave" fame; Dr. Julius Schnitzler, professor of surgery; and Dr. Ernst Sträussler, the criminologist. In the group of prominent Aryans purged from their positions because of their pronounced Catholic views are found the noted psychiatrist, Professor Otto Pötzl, successor of the Nobel Prize winner Professor Julius Wagner-Jauregg; Professors Kerl and Jagic, prominent in the medical world; and Professor Oswald Redlich, president of the Austrian Academy of Science.

In the arts the devastation is just as great. The finest interpreters of the music of Bach, Mozart, Schubert, Beethoven, Brahms, and Strauss are outlawed in the birthplace of so many musical masterpieces. The violinist Bronislaw Huberman was described by the Vienna newspaper *Das Deutsche Echo* as "the Polish music-Jew from Czencstochau, who violated Vienna art for years." Arturo Toscanini was referred to as "the music-king of the *mishpoche* [Jewish for family], who is thrown out from everywhere. It is generally known that Toscanini is married to a Jewess and his daughter is mated to the piano-Jew Horowitz." Austria's best-known contemporary composer, Erich Wolfgang Korngold, whose opera "The Dead City" was a favorite of the Vienna Staatsoper, has become taboo. The Nazis confiscated his country estate on the pretext that his debts were unpaid. The songs, ballads, and musical poems of Austria's representative modern composer, Arnold Schönberg, no longer appear on the programs of Vienna concert halls. He has been proscribed as an exponent of "cultural bolshevism." Bruno Eisner, the piano virtuoso, must also stay away from his native land. Hermann Leopoldi, composer of the "Song of Youth," the Austrian equivalent of the "Giovanezza," was sent to the Dachau concentration camp.

The Opera itself has dismissed at least twenty-five orchestra players with "tainted blood," although they are masters of their art. It has also dismissed Else Flesch and Margaret Boker, featured singers. Dr. Lothar Wallerstein, the director, the conductor Josef Krips, the first concert master, and the first ballet mistress have received their discharges. The century-old Vienna Philharmonic has lost its chairman, Dr. Hugo Burghauser, a close friend of Toscanini. His place has been taken by a double-bass player. It is believed that about 70 per cent of this famous Austrian institution is "tainted," racially or politically. The Symphony Orchestra, the new Vienna Conservatorium, the Musica Viva Orchestra, and the Cantorum Society have passed into "proved national hands," the Vienna press reports. Fritz Löhner, who has written many librettos for Franz Lehar, the operetta king, is in Dachau. The fate of Erich Meller, the pianist, is unknown. Hermann Leopoldi, composer of innumerable comic songs and embodiment of Vienna's humor, is a suicide. Bruno Walter, one of the world's great conductors, got out of Austria in time, but his daughter was arrested.

At one blow Austria lost its position as a theatrical center. Salzburg's fame remains, but the festivals under Nazi rule can never be the same. Max Reinhardt, probably the greatest contemporary figure in stage management, is so hated by the Nazis that they have confiscated his château on the heights beyond Salzburg. The head of the Reinhardt School of Acting, Rudolph Beer, committed suicide. The school has been "coordinated" under the name of the Schönbrunner Theater. The lessee of Reinhardt's Josefstädter Theater, Dr. Ernst Lothar, has disappeared from the scene. Vienna's magnificent state-subsidized theater on the Ring, the Burgtheater, has dropped its director, Friedrich Rosenthal, and several of its featured players, including Hans Wengraf and Franz Strassni. Albert Basserman, considered by many to be pre-Hitler Germany's greatest "elder" actor, may have to leave Austria because of his Jewish wife, Else Schiff, as he had to leave the Reich a few years ago because of his refusal to divorce her. He is an Aryan.

The Vienna theaters now put on safe plays, and whenever there is the slightest suspicion about an author's race, the program writer omits his name. The Viennese will also have to go without their favorite Hungarian authors, who have had great vogue in the Austrian capital for many years. Nor will they be allowed to hear any more public performances of the music of Goldmark, Mahler, Mendelssohn, Meyerbeer, Offenbach, so dear to their hearts.

The Vienna Jews, who until Hitler's coup furnished a disproportionately large number of the theater- and concert-goers, must now either stay at home or attend

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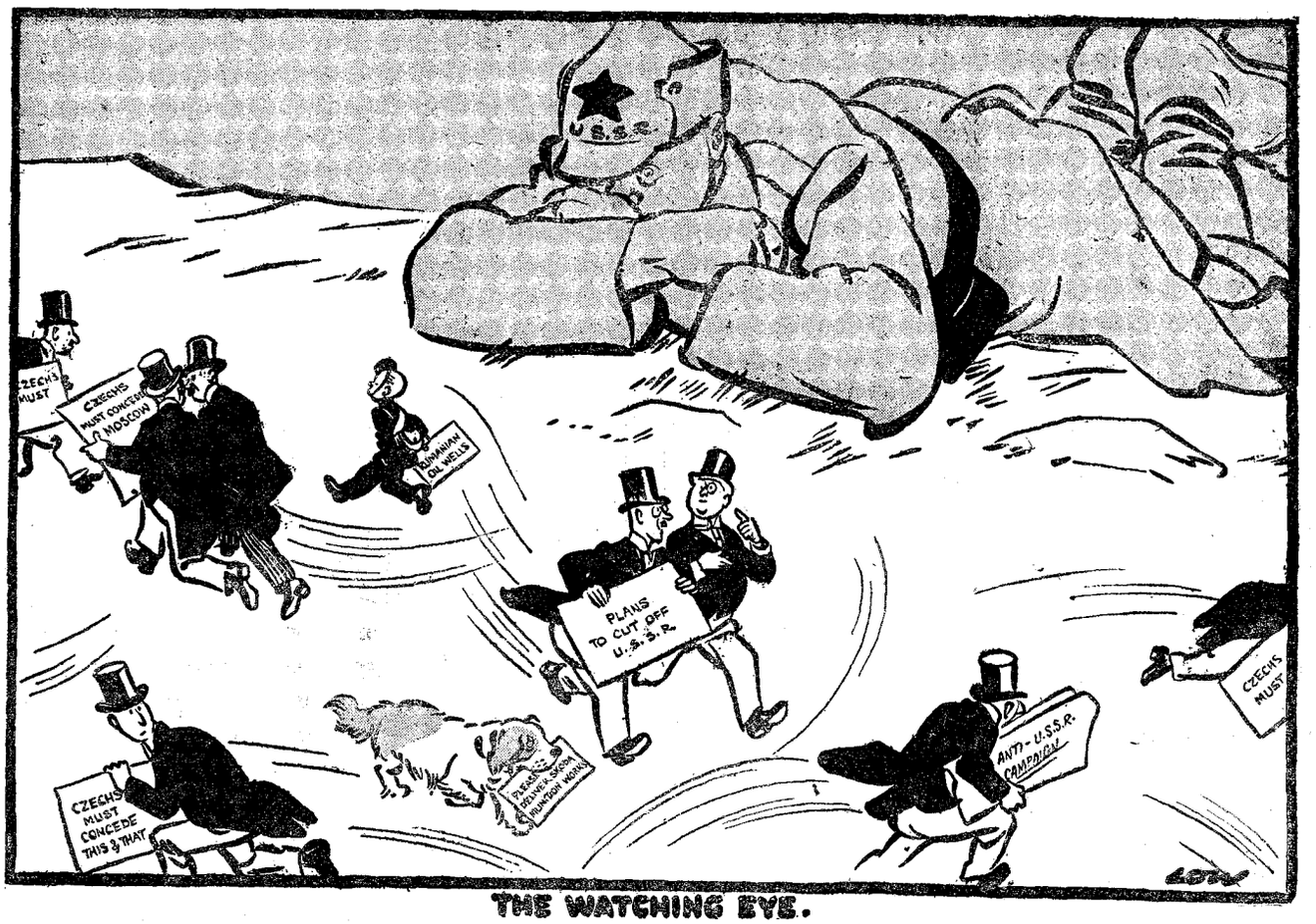
the performances of their *Kulturbund,* in which none but non-Aryans may participate as spectators and players. The Bund has no right to produce plays by German Gentiles, even those of Goethe and Schiller, who belong to the whole world.

The damage done to Austrian literature is beyond repair. The works of the men who have made Vienna renowned are on the index of forbidden literature. Arthur Schnitzler, master-painter of pre-war Vienna in play and novel, is considered a "typical example of Jewish decadence." Hugo von Hofmannsthal, Austria's greatest twentieth-century poet, is humiliated posthumously because of his part-Jewish origin. Franz Werfel's "Forty Days of Musa Dagh" may have been an international best-seller, but its author is in exile just the same. The books of the late Jacob Wassermann, author of some of the most penetrating psychological fiction in modern German literature, are forbidden to the youth of his own Austria.

It is impossible to mention more than a few of those who only yesterday were headliners and today are outcasts. Raoul Auernheimer, erstwhile rival of the great Schnitzler, was jailed by the Nazis on some impossible charge. Siegfried Geyer, author and translator of Ferenc Molnar's plays, was also arrested, along with the witty publicist, Ludwig Hirschfeld, who has entertained Austria longer than some old-timers like to remember. Richard Bermann, better known in Germany under his pen-name, Arnold Höllriegel, was caught by the Nazis while trying to escape to Czechoslovakia. On the way back to Vienna he fell seriously ill. Finally, he was released and is now out of the country. Anton Kuh, author and lecturer, escaped to Prague and thence to the United States.

Some fleeing authors took the longer route to Switzerland, thinking that the Nazis would at first seal the nearer frontiers, which are within street-car distance of Vienna. Among those who reached the border before it was too late were Gina Kaus, author of a highly praised biography of the Empress Catherine; Alfred Polgar, popular essayist; and René Kraus, author of the romantic biography "Theodora," and former aid to Chancellor Schuschnigg. Not so lucky were Marienne Trebitsch-Stein, Jewish author, and Dr. Kurt Sonnenfeld, editor of the *Neue Freie Presse,* pre-Hitler Vienna's leading daily paper. Both committed suicide.

A large number of important political figures committed suicide or were caught. Many were leaders of the Fatherland Front or pro-Hapsburg legitimists. Several Socialist Defense Corps leaders were sent to the redoubtable Dachau concentration camp. Among those arrested was Dr. Karl Renner, aged Socialist leader and first Chancellor of the Austrian Republic. Karl Kautsky, eighty-five-year-old Marxist theoretician and former political leader, had to leave Austria by night to seek shelter in Holland. Some years ago he fled from Germany in the same way. Count Coudenhove-Kalergi, founder



THE WATCHING EYE.

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of the pan-European movement, got out of Austria just in the nick of time. He is accused of having worked for the realization of the United States of Europe. Some years ago his idea so fascinated the famous French Minister of Foreign Affairs, Aristide Briand, that he incorporated it in his program and joined the movement.

Vienna must be written off as a cultural capital of the world. It must also be written off as a tourist center. Foreigners find no attraction in a German provincial town purged of talent. In the first two months after Hitler's conquest of Vienna, the number of non-German visitors amounted to less than 5 per cent of last year's figure. At long last Hitler has had his revenge. The city which treated him so lightly in his warped youth has been punished.

"Yussel" Jacobs Okays the Nazis

BY I. Q. GROSS

JOE JACOBS, known to his intimates as "Yussel," has had a colorful career as a fight manager. He has had such great clients as Mike McTigue, André Routis, and Frankie Genaro, all world champions. But nothing in his career matches his relationship with his latest and greatest champion, Max Schmeling. Persons who know them cannot understand how Schmeling, the Nazi, can love Jacobs, son of an orthodox Jew, for his business shrewdness and still be loyal to Führer Hitler.

Now Joe Jacobs is in a dilemma over his Nazi boxer. With Schmeling scheduled to fight Joe Louis for the world's championship at New York's Yankee Stadium on June 22, Jacobs realizes the possibility of a million-dollar gate and a good share for himself. But he knows that thousands of fight fans who ordinarily would flock to the stadium to see whether Schmeling can knock out the Brown Bomber, as he did two years ago, will be restrained by the boycott campaign which anti-Nazi forces have directed against the bout.

Yussel has made his choice and is working desperately to get Jewish support for the fight. His one-man attempts to effect the appearance of a rapprochement between Jews and the Hitler regime began with a series of visits to Germany in the course of which he spent lavishly in the leading night clubs and hotels along the Kurfürstendamm. The climax was reached on the night of the Schmeling-Hamas fight in Hamburg when Yussel was photographed in the act of giving the Hitler salute.

On his return from his last jaunt to Germany Jacobs spoke ecstatically of the happy times the Jews were having in the Third Reich. "Most of the trouble with the Jews over there," he told newsmen, "is caused by the Jews in this country. Why, everybody's happy over there. Everybody's spending money like it was water, and talk of war makes the Germans laugh. Why, they even have synagogues still open over there. I know because I went to one three times one day. No one said anything to me because I was Jewish. They treated me like a king, and I acted like one, too, and spent $1,000 in nine days."

Herr Jacobs's remarks astounded other American Jews. They could not believe that he had made them. They hurled a barrage of questions at him concerning the reported atrocities and oppression in Germany. Yussel would not answer, nor would he comment on whether his wild spending spree of American dollars had anything to do with the attention he received in that land. Jacobs said he did not see any concentration camps, but admitted he did not look for them. He did not see non-Aryan business men being stripped of all their earning power or Jewish professional men forced to wash the streets on their hands and knees. He wasn't looking for that type of Nazi entertainment. The ears of Yussel, the son of an orthodox Jew, were deaf to any mention of the hundreds of his coreligionists who had committed suicide in the new Great Germany or been reported dead from unknown causes.

Joe is not the only Jew who wants to see the Schmeling-Louis fight a bang-up affair. There is Mike Jacobs, the promoter of the bout, who is becoming worried over the picketing of the Yankee Stadium and other ticket offices by boycott supporters. Mike has a big investment in the bout. He is counting on a million-dollar gate. In a last-minute move to camouflage the issue and break the boycott he offered to contribute 10 per cent of his club's profits to the committee for aiding refugees organized by the Roosevelt Administration. The 10 per cent would be computed on the profit remaining to the club after all expenses and all the fighters were paid.

The leaders of the boycott, the Non-Sectarian Anti-Nazi League, expressed their appreciation of the promoter's offer, but because Schmeling's purse will not be affected by Mike Jacobs's proposal, the boycott will continue. They will withdraw the boycott only if Schmeling, whom they consider a Nazi commodity, contributes the major part of his purse to refugees from Hitler's oppression. The league is stressing to the public the fact that the more dollars are paid at the gate of the fight, the more Schmeling will take back to Germany and the more his close friend, Hitler, will be able to use to crush democratic Spain and persecute Catholic and Jews at home.

Mike Jacobs is asking for "sportsmanship to a friendly, foreign athletic representative who has nothing to do with the policies of his country." But Billy McCarney, who recently returned from Germany, reports that Schmeling is scheduled to take a leading post in Hitler's Cabinet as director of physical education for German youth, presumably to make them fit for the next fascist aggression.

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Schmeling is pleased at the advance estimate of a million-dollar gate. He will receive 20 per cent. Max has the unfailing habit of hurrying back to Germany on the first boat available with the money he earns in this country. He leaves not even a few stray dollars for remembrance, except what the government relieves him of in the way of income tax. The pungent sports observer, Joe Williams, paid his respects to Max's generosity in this respect when he wrote: "The financial situation locally should take a sharp upward turn with the arrival of Max Schmeling. . . . In some sixteen trips to this country it is estimated the Nazi hero has spent all of forty cents in round numbers. . . . And very little of this on gaudy luxuries." Max's purse from the coming bout will bring his total earnings in this country well over the two-million-dollar mark. This sum includes fight purses and the profits from radio and movie rights, theatrical engagements, exhibitions, personal appearances, and indorsements. He has taken more money out of the country than any other foreign athlete.

How much effect will the boycott have? The directors of the movement insist that its strength will be shown at the box office in lowered receipts. And they insist that a blow to the gate receipts will be an effective means of showing the antipathy of Americans for the Nazi terror. They have advised the public that thousands of Nazis, many in Storm Troop uniforms, have been ordered to attend the fight by officials of the German-American Bund.

In the Wind

THE ROMANCE of Schuschnigg, Austria's last Chancellor, and Countess Vera Fugger has been dramatically featured in the world press. When the Nazis seized Schuschnigg, it was reported that she alone of all his friends was permitted to see him; now they have been allowed to marry. But important foreign correspondents who have just arrived from Europe say that they know why this romance has been tolerated. Vera Fugger, they insist, is a Nazi spy.

IN THE OFFICES of Time, Inc., women may do research, scrub floors, answer letters—but they may never write copy, presumably because they don't know how. Recently this column disclosed that a group of women research workers at *Fortune* had submitted a memorandum protesting against editorial distortion of their findings. Now it is reported that the memorandum was so well written that it made a deep impression on the managing editor. He has been asking, "What man wrote that letter?"

THE COMMITTEE report on the Walsh-Sweezy case has focused attention on Harvard's internal conditions. Recently a member of the Harvard Corporation told his intimates of a left-handed joke perpetrated by some conservative alumni. In response to pleas for money, they wrote: "I am hereby fulfilling my pledge for $25. I am subtracting $12.50 for Felix Frankfurter, $7.50 for James Landis [now dean of the law school], and $2.50 for Granville Hicks. I inclose check for $2.50."

AN AMATEUR baseball team made up of employees from several Wall Street houses went to Sing Sing recently to play the prison team. At each crucial moment a rooter behind third base was heard vigorously cheering the Sing Sing team. It was Richard Whitney.

THE NATION periodically conducts surveys to find out the reasons for lapsed subscriptions. More than 60 per cent of those replying to the last inquiry said they had dropped out for lack of funds. The others disclosed an interesting variety of political objections: five thought *The Nation* too radical; one, too reactionary; five, too pro-Russian; five, too Trotskyist; one, too doctrinaire; one, too vacillating; one, too pro-Roosevelt; one, too anti-New Deal; one, too pro-Ally; one, unfair to England; one, not truly liberal; one, too un-American; one, too pro-labor.

LAST WEEK'S press carried long accounts of the "spontaneous" demonstration by Mayor Hague's Jersey City followers. The Legion's participation was widely publicized, but actually few Legionnaires were on the scene. The men wearing Legion caps had been provided with them by the Hague machine—the caps can be bought wholesale. The "Legion bands" were simply hired. The New York *Herald Tribune* gave front-page display to a picture of a little girl embracing the Mayor; buried in the *Times* account was this note: "A photographer grabbed a little girl from the sidewalk and pressed her into the Mayor's arms while the flash-bulbs flared."

A CHAIN LETTER which won't amuse Hitler is now circulating quietly in the United States. It reads in part:

> A Nazi with heart disease must not use digitalis, discovered by the Jew, Ludwig Traube. If he has a toothache, a Nazi will not use cocaine or he will be utilizing the work of a Jew, Solomon Stricker. Nor will he be treated for typhus by the discoveries of the Jews, Widal and Weill. If he has diabetes he must not use insulin, the discovery of a Jew, Mikowsky. If he has a headache he must shun pyramidon and anti-pyris, discovered by Jews, Spiro and Eilege. Nazis with convulsions must avoid chloral-hydrate, the discovery of a Jew, Oscar Liebreich.
>
> Nazis with syphilis must not allow themselves to be cured by salvarsan, discovered by a Jew, Ehrlich. They must not even try to find out whether they have syphilis, because the Wassermann reaction used for that purpose is the discovery of a Jew. Likewise, if a Nazi suspects he has gonorrhea he must not investigate because the method used is the discovery of a Jew, Neissner.
>
> Nazis with psychic ailments must not seek to cure them because Freud, the father of psychoanalysis, is a Jew. . . .

[*We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind —either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of $5 will be awarded each month for the best item.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

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Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

AN OLD, old dream of mine is coming true, and because it is I am forswearing this week any comment on politics or foreign policy, on the stupid old world which won't take my advice anyway—to go down to the sea. At historic old Ipswich in Massachusetts a certain William Albert Robinson is reproducing one of the famous Baltimore clippers and has her well on the road to launching. Not reproducing exactly, of course, for there will be a Diesel engine and other modern improvements. Nor has he slavishly followed any model. The new craft is not to be a copy, but she is, Mr. Robinson writes, based largely on the brigantine Swift, which was built about 1778 as an American privateer for our undeclared war against France. She will only be seventy feet long over all, not much longer than a motor lifeboat on the Queen Mary, and only fifty-nine and a half feet on the waterline, with a beam of a trifle more than eighteen feet and a draft of nine, but when she is afloat she will, it is certain, be the safest craft of her size anywhere. More than that, Mr. Robinson guarantees that she will be "uniformly beautiful, from her carved figure head, trail-boards, and head-rails to her beautiful old-fashioned stern with its Great Cabin and its stern windows and quarter windows"—windows, not portholes.

All my seagoing life I have wondered why we ever dropped this beautiful American type of ship, just as all my shore-going life I have wondered why we ever discarded our own original colonial type of home for slavish imitation of other styles or for disgusting gingerbread, turreted Queen Anne and Mary Anne types of dwellings. Those little Baltimore clippers of ours ranged the seven seas for years and were the admiration of the nautical world. They went everywhere, into the Antarctic, into the Mediterranean, into the Pacific; I have no doubt some reached China. Africa was a favorite destination—they often went there, I am sorry to say, to take part in the most horrible of all traffics, the slave trade. It is unbelievable how many poor wretches were stretched out on those hard decks and crowded below into little ships only a hundred feet long.

But, then, the high-sterned ships our Puritan ancestors took to this country were hardly larger. Have you ever seen the wreck of one in the Plymouth Museum, dug out of Cape Cod sands some years ago? She was only seventy feet long, yet had a hundred or so souls aboard when she went ashore. There will be safety on Mr. Robinson's boat as nearly as it can be furnished—always barring some all-destroying hurricane or other manifestation of nature. In this day of flimsy yachts and ocean racing I have long hoped that someone would come along and do just what Mr. Robinson is doing—resurrect the finest, safest, speediest of small ships, and the most American. If we had an American Legion of Honor, as Maury Maverick has urged, I should nominate Mr. Robinson for it.

Oh, yes, I know how successfully the ocean has been sailed by our modern yachts, but I also know how narrow have been the escapes from serious disaster and how many incompetents have sailed the seas in cockle-shells and how many lives have been lost. Never was there a more needless and sickening tragedy than the loss of Mr. Ames of Boston and his two sons from their new—brand-new—schooner; the father was washed away from the wheel and his brave sons died in a futile effort to save him. Again if anybody has read in a recent *Yachting*—that old creation of mine—Lincoln Colcord's account of the voyage to the West Indies made last fall by him and Professor Samuel E. Morison of Harvard in a new schooner yacht designed by the most fashionable firm of shipbuilders, and of the incredibly unsatisfactory and dangerous condition of this modern gimcrack, he would find every possible argument for Mr. Robinson's venture.

So there the new craft is taking shape—a boat that will be a really safe ocean-going yacht; she is planned for a trip around the world. She is being rigged "with the utmost simplicity to enable ease of handling with a small crew," in the lovely topsail-schooner style familiar in the prints of our great seafaring days. Mr. Robinson thinks that the happiest voyages are made "with as few as possible aboard besides the owner and his family"—such is human nature!—so he has designed a couple of spacious rooms in order that "the owner and his family could live aboard indefinitely with every comfort and privacy." The Great Cabin in the high stern will be above the engine room, its forward windows looking out over the deck; it will include the navigator's quarters and a general living-room with a nice fireplace. The galley is on deck, as of old, astern the foremast, and there will be nearly twice as much deck space as your rail-less yacht of 1938, which has to rig lifelines whenever it blows hard. The deck will have a permanent awning in the tropics, and storage facilities are so great that the yacht will be able "to remain at sea almost indefinitely." Indeed, she will be "unbelievably spacious." Who is to be the fortunate owner? If I were only thirty years younger!

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ESCAPE FROM THE MOUSETRAP

BY ANTON KUH

III

THE ELEVENTH OF MARCH

ON THE morning of the eleventh of March I sat at breakfast in a Vienna coffee house. Though it will scarcely be believed, I had come back to vote. Or rather, for my previous fears had not been entirely senseless, I had come back to decide whether I should vote or go away again. A lady at my table spoke pleasantly; I did not hear her. "I have an idea," I said. She laughed: "You always have ideas."

This idea of mine I had propounded on the day before in the Hotel Bristol to a friend, the translator of Bernard Shaw, who like all intellectuals was optimistic (I met him later in flight). It had aroused his enthusiasm. I should take it at once to Schuschnigg, he thought. Oho, not so fast. Even in normal times makers of aphorisms do not easily come into the presence of chancellors. Hardly then today, two days before the plebiscite. Very well, said my friend, but I should at least try to present my plan to a certain lady whom he named—I must surely know her personally, the wife of Schuschnigg's best friend, the poet Franz Werfel.

I did in fact know Frau Mahler-Werfel, the widow of the composer Gustav Mahler. And there at the coffee-house table, at half-past eight on Friday, I turned the thought over in my mind. "Shall I bother the wife of a poet with politics?"

I called her up. Frau Werfel asked me to meet her at a private residence. I should be there at eleven.

Eleven o'clock. The inner town, in the center of which is the appointed house, is overflowing with people—with people and ghosts. Most of the people are young men in recruiting cars, riding through the streets in endless columns and calling out "Heil Oesterreich!" They are hailed joyfully by persons on the curb. (I see before me the honest shopkeepers with wet eyes who waved to them imploringly. In what prison are they now scrubbing the walks and toilets?) Among these people in the crowded streets specters walk also, fellows in puttees and riding trousers, with the swastika in their buttonhole, slinking along, with pudgy, cheese-like faces.

The poet's wife receives me, hears my plan. Yes Schuschnigg must learn of it; but how? She will telephone a Cabinet minister who more than anybody else has Schuschnigg's ear. Ten minutes later the Minister stands before me—a small, delicate man, still young, whose face and bearing show pleasing traces of his humanistic Jesuit education. He sits on the arm of a chair. My name suggests to him, very vaguely, literature, night life, anecdotes.

I explain my plan. I begin by saying that most submissively and with all due respect for the government I doubt Schuschnigg's knowledge of the real temper of the working classes.

The Minister pricks up his ears.

"Yes," I say. "The remembrance of February, 1934, goes too deep. All these people, who only by necessity are neutral or have swung over to Hitler, would come out not 30 or 40 but 100 per cent for Austria if they were offered something solid, popular, real, such as the propaganda of the other side offers them—something to wake them up. Instead of that the government turns and twists in bureaucratic phrases, offers halfway measures, half-heartedly. And for that sort of thing those who were struck down yesterday have sharp ears. They think they are being 'done' again."

What did I have in mind as something solid, popular, sensational?

My idea can be expressed in a sentence: Karl Seitz, the former burgomaster of Vienna, who was imprisoned in February, the most popular, most incorruptible man of the Social Democratic Party, must speak to the workers over the radio; and he will do it if he is allowed to say what he wants to.

The Minister ponders the proposal. I interrupt his reflections with the question: "Does the Chancellor know that many of the guard in the automobiles which accompany the demonstrating Nazis give the people the Hitler salute?"

The Minister is startled. Have I seen that with my own eyes? With his mind more made up, he comes back to my suggestion, and we discuss it from all angles.

At this point in our talk I could scarcely free myself from a haunting thought: I was sitting there and the Minister was listening to my advice; the dream of the "idle literary man" had come true—the government was listening to him, was asking him what to do. When dreams come true, the worlds in which they were dreamed usually end. Is it also to be so with my dream? I should almost have preferred a reserved, unapproachable minister who knew himself what he wanted to do without listening to others.

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The Minister rises. My proposal will not only be considered but probably be acted upon. In this moment someone knocks loud three times on the door—as in "Don Giovanni, Act 2." We both jump involuntarily. A man appears; on his entrance the Minister is visibly relieved. The man says something in his ear. And now the Minister becomes white as chalk. He forgets to say goodby and is already outside.

"What was that?" I ask the lady of the house. She tries to reassure me while she plays nervously with her brooch: "Probably it was the police inspector who accompanies each minister; the automobile may have got into a crowd of demonstrators." But she doesn't believe it herself and soon prepares to go.

A few minutes later when I leave the house I see a man standing at the gate. As he lounges there, leaning his head peacefully against the post and puffing at a cigarette, he looks like the figure in the silent films of twenty years ago who used to wait sinisterly before a house until the victim came out. I look at him. He makes no sign. I hurry across the street.

That the man had been sent to watch the house seemed clear. What it was that the unknown man had whispered to the Minister was not less clear. He had come at one o'clock, the precise hour that the first ultimatum from Berchtesgaden arrived at the chancellery. That was what he had whispered. No wonder the Minister had turned pale and hurried off.

I set out toward home by the shortest way. The next train goes at two. I have no time to lose.

Truly I should have liked to stay; the street made such an attractive varicolored picture—for all the admixture of dangerous colors; it was so gay, and the acquaintances I met on the way laughed at me for my hurry. But at long last the unexpected happened: my Salzburg experience revealed in this hour its unmistakable meaning.

A young man sent up his name to me in my room. He called himself the merchant W— (a Jewish name) from Prague. He had heard from the concierge that I wanted to go to Prague this afternoon and invited me to accompany him in his car.

I examined Mr. W—, the merchant from Prague, and concluded that he was a Sudeten German, not a Jew and not from Prague. Suddenly I seemed to see the car in the lonely Salzburg alley, the light of the red lamp, the big D.

I took leave of the young man as if I had not yet decided. As I came down the steps the concierge and one of the house servants—two brave followers of Hitler's who had never had much conversation with me—poured out upon me a stream of talk: how extravagant I was not to accept the offer of the fine gentleman who had just by chance heard of my intention to depart, said one; while the other seconded him in falsetto, his tongue at a gallop —such a piece of luck and I declined it; the trip to the station would cost me so much, the baggage extra, then there would be the trip from the station and again the baggage; such an opportunity and such lack of sense! It was a quarter of two. I had only time to say: "Herr W. promised me a speed record, but I don't want to break my neck." That was my farewell to Vienna, to Austria. A quarter of an hour later I sat in the Prague train. The many hundreds who started by the next train, at eleven in the evening, were pulled out of the compartment by storm troopers at the border and thrust into a dungeon in Vienna.

EPILOGUE

That evening I had supper at a friend's house in Brünn. The eleven-year-old boy of the house turned on the radio to hear the philharmonic concert in Vienna. We listened—and shuddered.

Schuschnigg's farewell words: "I yield to force." Music. Again a voice. And again music. All through the night between Haydn and Mozart the little instrument spat out world history.

On the next day when I took the train again to continue my journey to Prague I found people sitting in it with their heads so wound around with bandages that only their worried noses showed. Their appearance suggested undreamed-of horror. They refused to talk or to give any information, for their families were still in Vienna. And yet one found out a good many things—police chronicles and history mixed together. President Miklas had refused to sign the nomination decrees, though the Nazis held a revolver at his head; for that reason his sons are now in prison. Schuschnigg had been forced to say, "No bloodshed"; actually General Zehner, who shortly afterward "committed suicide," had been named troop commander against Germany. Hundreds of writers, artists, journalists—among them many of my friends—had been thrown into prison. Slowly we learn what became of them. The greater part of them were sent to Dachau. A famous theater producer was arrested, taken to the Vienna Forest, and castrated. He died as a result. Others committed the "German suicide." But most symbolic was the fate of Egon Friedell, the Bernard Shaw of Vienna, whose more reactionary than liberal history of civilization had been accepted even by the enemy. The Nazis had no hand in it, but it is characteristic of them that this story in which they appear only as a ghostly menace is more heartrending than any other. Friedell lived in his own three-story house. Also living there was a young girl who had two S. S. men as friends. One evening after the establishment of the new regime the two young men came to the house in uniform to take out the girl, but they made a mistake in the door and rang the wrong bell. Dr. Friedell opened it, saw them, and without asking what they wanted rushed to the window. An instant later his powerful 200-pound body crashed three stories to the ground.

That was almost my own experience of twenty years,

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crowded into a second and with a tragic outcome. They look—and plunge into nothingness. One cannot express any better the content of the New Germany. Woe to him who has no fear of ghosts and invites them to drink, to talk, or to sign a treaty.

[*This is the third and concluding instalment of Escape from the Mousetrap.*]

Loew's Sheridan

BY CHARLOTTE WILDER

Nature returns to me, in pictured show,
Here, on the screen, bland-white, and chalked with death;
The piping frogs, among the rushes, sound
Faint echoes of a lost sweet evening breath

Heard at the edge of being. O my youth,
My mountain fastness, and its thicket shade,
Lie down, within my memory, as a lamb
Might sleep with lions in a common glade.

The rush of ocean water, and its spray
Whipped into storm, is blown across my cheek
From sterile linen; on a hungry lack,
Stirs, in the darkened hall, my drudge's week,

Moving, like pavement, in the weary mind.
The birds' fresh speaking, here, is cruel and kind.

BOOKS

Padded Shelves

HOUSE OF ALL NATIONS. By Christina Stead. Simon and Schuster. $3.

MISS STEAD has set herself the task in this long book (787 pages) of describing the swollen world of international finance which reached its high point in the early '30's, before England went off gold, American banks announced a moratorium, and Hitler came into power. Praised in many quarters as a wit and a mistress of fantasy, Miss Stead has in this work given the freest possible rein to her evidently thoroughly self-believed-in gifts. "Fantastic material, fantastic treatment," she can be imagined as saying to herself, and the result of her decision is a book from which the reader turns completely bruised and exhausted, for several reasons, including prolonged astonishment and laughter.

The announced theme is the effect of money upon people. The main scene is a private bank in Paris, through which pours a horde of characters touched with the colors of both the nightmare and the harlequinade. Miss Stead during the early part of the book (the first 400 pages or so) is out to startle the reader with the fertility of her invention, her knowledge of the great and the "half" worlds, and her literary sleight of hand. Jules Bertillon, her main figure—"chic," frail, mercurial, capricious, enigmatic—heads the bank. He is a bear on the market, a "rider of the storm." Around him swirl innumerable fancy clients: Greek, Balkan, Dutch, German, South American dupes and swindlers; Hollywood actresses and drunken, Lesbian comtesses; "society figures," "addled lawyers," English financiers "with Cunard-colored eyes"; "touts for pools" and "richissimes" (a millionaire is always a "richissime" to Miss Stead). Slightly solid virtues are embodied in the figures of Alphendéry, an economist who leans toward communism in his off hours, and William Bertillon, a partner-brother who lives with a Chinese nightingale. The action, swerving into the private lives of the characters, runs through rooms and lobbies of Grand Hotels, foyers of both petty and high bourgeoisie, workshop flats, and at least one country haunt of intellectuals. It also goes up and down secret stairways and into the private vaults of an Amsterdam bank. (Other private hoarding places, in Oslo and Switzerland, are left unexplored, for reasons not explained.) On page 637 a customer's man gets hold of the private books, and applies the screws to Jules. Miss Stead really hits her stride at this point. Her style clears as she gets into action. Swindlers back up swindlers, and the ambiguous Alphendéry gives up addressing comrades in his hours of ease to hold the fort against the inquisitive police. Jules Bertillon absconds, with quiet success. "His old friends . . . hoped that he went and made immediately a shining new fortune. . . . For he had now benefited by the immorality as well as by the mythomania of the financial world and had begun to be relacquered in the minds of the rich. For others, though, it is true, he still remained a rankle and a hurt, the charmer who deceived."

The book ends on this comparatively quiet note. But the action begins at a pitch considerably higher. A captain of finance and his girl of the moment, on page 2, appear, to the cynical gaze of a customer's man and a customer's woman, from either the same or adjoining bathrooms in a suite in the Hotel Lotti "in the Rue de Castiglione." The girl of the moment—summed up in the list of characters thoughtfully provided at the end of the volume as "Mme Ashnikidzé, a prostitute"—is then described. "Her eyes, large as imperial amethysts, roved in an insolent stare of proud imbecility. . . . In the exalted fashion of Paris whores she singled out and courted the husband in the presence of his wife." The startled reader falls back on the hope that this is Miss Stead guying the life out of her material. Not at all. This is, as it turns out, Miss Stead being Miss Stead.

From this point on the language and the action merge into one preposterous whole. Characters sneer in various ways, laugh with childish glee, and act "with insulting insouciance." Even the silences are "bizarre." People arrive at destinations "ineluctably." There are numerous glimpses of a "half-gilded demi-monde," and the word "whore" is plentifully used, both as a noun and a verb. The author's confidence never deserts her. "The responses that Alphendéry made to him were only legatos in the sonata of his reflections: he heard what was said faintly as an echo. . . ." Well, that is a good try. If Miss Stead did not hit "obbligato," she at least staggered it.

What "House of All Nations" chiefly proves is that the

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audience for Ouida and Gothic romance has not yet been completely absorbed by the movies. Its members cast glances up and down the padded shelves of circulating libraries, on one of which this novel will, no doubt, have a long and profitable stay.

LOUISE BOGAN

Behind the Far Eastern War

JAPAN IN CHINA. By T. A. Bisson. The Macmillan Company. $3.

IN THE flood of books on the Far East which have deluged the market in recent months Mr. Bisson's stands out as the only one which can be said to answer the question: What are they fighting about? That the war should have been going on for nearly eleven months before a good book appears explaining it is not perhaps surprising. No book comparable to this one has yet been written on the Spanish conflict, and no book on the World War of this quality appeared during the first two or three years of the war. In fact, only the accident of Mr. Bisson's having been in the Far East last year made this volume possible.

The first half of Mr. Bisson's survey deals with the political evolution of China from the signing of the Tangku truce with Japan on May 31, 1933, to the outbreak of the present undeclared war in the late summer of last year. During the earlier part of this period the Chinese government at Nanking retreated steadily before ever more insistent Japanese demands. Increasing resistance became evident, however, in the late summer and fall of 1935, when Japanese leaders first began to speak of making China's five northern provinces "autonomous." The turning-point in Sino-Japanese relations—and what may well be the pivotal point in Chinese history—occurred at the Sixth Plenary Session of the Kuomintang (Nationalist Party) in November, 1935. On that occasion China announced the launching of a new monetary policy which involved the abandonment of silver and the establishment of a "managed" currency tied to the pound. Although this step might seem to be merely a normal exercise of China's sovereign right to regulate its currency, it occasioned a storm of protest in Tokyo, where it was interpreted, possibly correctly, as a deliberate affront. A fortnight later pressure by General Doihara, chief of the Kwantung Army's Special Service Section, for the immediaate separation of North China collapsed when the regular Japanese diplomatic authorities told Nanking that Doihara was in North China merely in a "private capacity." December brought the spectacular student demonstrations at Pieping, which, as Mr. Bisson points out, "were destined to exert a unifying influence which speedily overcame political cleavages that had existed for ten years." In the following year the peaceful settlement of the threatened civil war between Nanking and the Kwangsi generals Li Tsung-jen and Pai Chung-hsi was the signal for a much firmer attitude toward Japan. The influence of the growing nationalist spirit among the common people began to be evident at Nanking.

Despite this unmistakable trend toward unity, Chiang Kai-shek was determined to carry on his campaign against the Communists when he went to Sian in December, 1936. His "arrest" by the Young Marshal and subsequent decision to call off the campaign and to prepare to resist Japanese aggression represented the culminating effect of the rising patriotic spirit among all groups in the population. This unity probably was the immediate cause of the war. For the Japanese military felt that they could not tolerate a strong, unified China, capable of defending its legitimate interests. And Japan's policy of piecemeal encroachment, pursued by threats and cajolery with a minimum use of military force since 1933, had reached the limit of its possibilities. China was too strong to tolerate a continuation of these tactics. Japan's only hope for expansion lay in resort to arms.

In succeeding chapters Mr. Bisson shows how the pressure for expansion arose out of the Japanese political and economic situation. At first the financial and commercial interests of Japan opposed the pan-Asiatic policies of the military. But gradually, under the leadership of men like Kuhara and Aikawa, the capitalists interested in the heavy industries joined with the conservative military clique in an ambitious program of military and industrial preparedness. The recent Hayashi and the first Konoye Cabinet were dominated by this combination. The brake on the military's expansionist ambitions formerly exercised by the light industries became inoperative. Further disturbances in China were welcomed as a justification of the military's "emergency" program.

Perhaps the most striking chapter in Mr. Bisson's book is the last, which depicts the situation in Manchuria after six years of occupation. He shows how every avenue of indoctrination—education, press, and radio—is employed to keep the Chinese people passive in the face of declining living standards and an almost complete absence of civil rights. For somewhat the same reasons the sale of opium is encouraged. Budgetary appropriations for education are only one-half as large as under the former Chinese regime, and have declined in the past four years. There is not one bona fide university in the whole of "Manchoukuo," the half-dozen colleges which existed under Chang Hsueh-liang having been closed.

In view of Japan's claims to have liquidated banditry in Manchuria, Mr. Bisson's disclosures regarding the "protected villages" are particularly illuminating. Beginning in 1936, Japanese authorities have forced the population of whole areas to live concentrated in walled villages where they could be carefully supervised. Outlying farmhouses have been burned to the ground. Villagers unable to produce residence certificates are summarily executed. The head men of the village are held responsible if any bandits are discovered. About once a week a detachment of Japanese troops visits the villages. It has to be welcomed by a reception committee and quartered and fed for the night at the expense of the villagers.

If the Manchuria of today is a prototype of the China of tomorrow, the picture is not particularly encouraging for either the Japanese or the Chinese. Despite the drastic measures utilized to suppress "banditry," which have forced thousands of Manchurians to emigrate south of the Great Wall, bands of anti-Japanese marauders roam the countryside. They are unquestionably supported by the peasants in the "protected villages." The Japanese garrison is engaged in almost constant warfare with these bands and has never

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succeeded in establishing its control far from the cities and main lines of communication.

One can only wish that every person who has at one time or another sought to justify the Japanese invasion of China on the ground that it brought "law and order" could be compelled to read the final chapter, if not the whole, of Mr. Bisson's invaluable study. Facts are a useful antidote for propaganda. MAXWELL S. STEWART

A Village Epicurus

EARTH MEMORIES. By Llewellyn Powys. With an Introduction by Van Wyck Brooks. W. W. Norton and Company. $2.75.

AS A person, Llewellyn Powys suggested to Van Wyck Brooks "some shaggy god in exile, an Apollo playing the shepherd in a far-away land." It would not be difficult to find labels that apply to him as a writer: an Epicurean mystic, a dun D. H. Lawrence, a rustic vicar turned atheist, a village antiquarian with a fund of Latin eloquence. None of these phrases, however, conveys the qualities that distinguish him as a literary figure, which are an uncommon rigor of style and an extraordinary persistence as an amateur philosopher.

His style is not without its irritations. It has at times the slickness of the professional Englishman of letters: there are subdued preciosities, and the mechanism is almost too perfect. But at its best it is a clear and strong prose, which becomes diaphanous and reveals the object. Its chief lapse is tediousness, a fault that is not exclusively nor even primarily stylistic. Mr. Powys is obsessed with the background. When the background is dramatic—the African forests in "Black Laughter" or the history of the planet in "Impassioned Clay"—the prose is interesting. This volume of essays, however, is concerned very largely with the flora and fauna of the English countryside, and with none too picturesque local history. Accordingly, it will hold spellbound few but those in whom it evokes some recognition of the things with which it deals.

The "earth memories" which Mr. Powys seeks to impart are mystical experiences in which some commonplace object causes a sudden and powerful intensification of feeling, possessing for the writer a "sacramental quality." The cultivation of such experiences constitutes for him our natural faith, "a heightened awareness of the stream of earth-life as it moves past in our moment of time." The stimulus may be a beach at dusk, the flight of an owl, a copper kettle, or even a banana skin buried in the sand. When Mr. Powys, who can be a very keen observer, takes the pains to recreate in its manifold relations the object that he is writing about, he is justified in calling the resulting experience poetic vision. This usually occurs, paradoxically enough, when he chronicles his less rapturous moments. Describing an earth memory, he is ordinarily content to name the stimulus, tell us that it gave him an intense mood, and exhort us to have it too. All of which indicates that his ecstasies are more akin to hypnosis than to poetry.

Mr. Powys's philosophy might have seemed both more pertinent and more adequate a generation ago, when modern intellectuals were rediscovering Lucretius's perception that naturalism need not be an unemotional doctrine. Like other Epicureans, he tends to give cosmic awe a larger place than it holds in a rational scheme of life. When he turns to survey the human condition, he has little to offer except a frenzied life-worship, which cannot be wholly explained by his long struggle with tuberculosis: "We can do nothing better than to fling our bodies and souls before the god of life, passionately and without reserves, as oblations of golden wine are thrown from a cup."

The dominance of the background, furthermore, causes him to be either sentimental or surly when he is writing about people. The dons of Corpus, whom he knows, are dear old things; the dons of Merton, whom he has met for the first time, are dead fish. The gipsies are wild and beautiful people, like Shakespeare's fairies. The football hero of Mr. Powys's youth, encountered years later, is still a "radiant" and "noble" being. He is even able to wax hot over social injustice when he recalls a philanthropic clergyman of the last century. His most convincing treatment of character is found when he writes of remote or imagined folk, such as Peter Breughel's peasants, in the essay which to my mind is the best in the volume, or of himself, whom he has analyzed dispassionately. PHILIP BLAIR RICE

Britain and Europe

INSANITY FAIR. By Douglas Reed. Covici, Friede. $3.

> Spain has shown once again that at the moment when the masses in any country are within grasp of real emancipation and freedom, the army and church and royalists and aristocrats and white-collar classes will turn on them with cannon, and if necessary call in foreigners or even black troops to help suppress them.
>
> For some reason Franco is popular in England. Madrid is an execrably bad propagandist, and the word "red" is coming to have such hypnotic force that it blinds people to all reason, and produces such oddities as the letter written to an English newspaper by a rabbit-trapping reader who said, "All this talk about the inhumanity of spring-traps is nonsense and in my opinion Bolshevik money is behind it."

THE man who wrote these sentences is no red. When he lived in his English home he used to vote for the Conservative Party, and perhaps he will do the same thing at the next election. Nor is he a contributor to the labor press or to any left-wing publications. He is an editor of the most respectable and venerable newspaper that comes out in the Anglo-Saxon world. He is Douglas Reed of the London *Times,* and this book which contains so much cruel truth is "Insanity Fair."

The market of insanity is our Europe of today with its displays of dictatorship, militarism, and mass hysteria. As a correspondent of the London *Times* Reed lived in Germany from 1927 to 1934. He witnessed the agony of the unhappy German republic and then the rise of Hitlerism from the Reichstag fire to the slaughter of June 30, 1934. Afterward he became the representative of his paper in Vienna and had to report on the death of independent Austria. He left Vienna immediately after Hitler's triumphant entrance.

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His book combines very nicely the personal experiences of the author with the great trend of world policies. One will not agree with Reed on every detail; for example, he underestimates the dreadful plight of the European Jews because some Jews were able to do business as usual in Germany even after 1933 and because he met some successful Jewish emigrants abroad. But nevertheless he has a real knowledge of Germany and the Nazis and of all the perplexing problems of modern Europe.

Perhaps the most important passages of this book are not the long chapters on Germany, Austria, and the Nazis but the shorter and more casual remarks on England. Reed is a pitiless critic of the weakness and the contradictions of the British foreign policy, and he shows its roots. The English are certainly neither cowards nor decadents nor fools, but a small and influential group within the English upper classes likes the military dictators. Reed sees that the Nazis are today the natural and most dangerous enemies of the British Empire. But the whole question is befogged by the smoke cloud that the dictators give out: "Come in with us and save the world from Bolshevism!"

Reed found in London in 1937 that most of the "snobs had gone fascist." He gives a characteristic description of the British diplomat Sir Nevile Henderson. As British ambassador in Yugoslavia, Henderson favored the dictatorship of King Alexander, and now as British ambassador in Berlin he is, according to Reed, sympathetic to German expansion. Reed met in Prague young British diplomats with a strong dislike of Czechoslovak democracy, and he tells us of the same tendency among the British officials in Madrid.

In a surprising passage, he discusses the possibilities of fascism in England:

> If there were a republican labor movement in England, and it seemed likely to get a majority at an election, the same thing might happen there. Don't believe the cliché about "it can't happen in England." It can. . . . You already have in England some of the stigmata of a fascist regime—a parliament with an enormous majority returned on a false issue and a dummy opposition, a press that in part is already subordinated to German and Italian wishes —and the rest of the change-over might be quickly made if the working-class masses became really restless.

Reed is a bit unfair to the Labor members of Parliament, who certainly have not been dummies during the last year, and his own book contradicts a too gloomy outlook on the English future. Can you imagine any conservative editor in Germany writing such a book, even before Hitler? There is in England today not only the enormous labor movement; there is also the Conservative Party, which retains its grip on the British voters because there stand within its ranks beside the pro-fascists many thousands of proud and sincere democrats like Reed himself. Should a really decisive crisis arise, the English people would emerge stronger than the snobs. Perhaps the Czechoslovak problem, every aspect of which is vividly described by Reed, will bring the acid test very soon.

Sometimes books should be written where black is named black and white is named white and a murderer is named a murderer. Reed deserves our thanks for his strong and courageous work.

One last word: If Reed ever looks into the index of his American edition, he will find something to laugh at. For a funny hand put there the immortal "Blimp, Colonel," between the ordinary mortals "Bismarck" and "Blomberg, General von."

ARTHUR ROSENBERG

Career of a French Reformer

MALESHERBES, DEFENDER AND REFORMER OF THE FRENCH MONARCHY, 1721-94. By John M. S. Allison. Yale University Press. $2.50.

THE name of Malesherbes evokes no response from the general reading public and only a bare recognition from students of European history. As a result of the labors of Mr. Allison this significant, though little-known, figure of eighteenth-century France has been rescued from oblivion. Mr. Allison's book, the first biography of Malesherbes, is an authentic and interesting study of the career of the French reformer, based for the most part on unpublished material.

Malesherbes belonged to the wealthy class of hereditary judges known as the "nobility of the robe." A monarchist, an aristocrat, and a pillar of the old regime, he was nevertheless active in undermining its foundations. And it was not at all as one "boring from within" that he attacked the evils of his day, but rather in the sincere belief that he was spreading enlightenment among those in power, who would thereby be moved to save the monarchy by abolishing the abuses of the old regime. As president of the Cour des Aides, a court that had power "to register" royal decrees concerning taxes, he drew up the "Remonstrances" of the court, which were severe indictments of the fiscal and administrative policies of the government. These Remonstrances were widely circulated and did not a little to undermine popular confidence in the monarchy. As Director of Publications he was chief of a body of censors that supervised all publications in France. Instead of using his position to enforce the censorship, he did what he could to circumvent it. Being something of a *philosophe* himself, he took an active interest in the publication of the "Encyclopedia," secretly advising and cautioning the editors, Diderot and D'Alembert, and protecting the banned enterprise from his own agents. Had it not been for Malesherbes's aid and encouragement, the continued publication of the "Encyclopedia" would in all likelihood have been impossible.

With Malesherbes's appointment as chief associate of Turgot when the latter became Minister of Finance, the hopes of the *philosophes* rose high. The government was "now filled with philosophers" who acted as the brain trust of the "benevolent" Louis XVI. According to Mr. Allison, the famous reforms of Turgot "would eventually have transformed the whole appearance of French society." But Turgot's efforts ended in failure, and the old regime moved swiftly toward its doom.

During the French Revolution Malesherbes was a loyal adherent of Louis XVI. He became one of the counsel to defend the king before the convention. A quick change in public opinion now took place in regard to Malesherbes. His services to reform were forgotten, and he was thought of only as an aristocrat who had defended the hated Louis.

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At the age of seventy-three Malesherbes was condemned as a traitor, and "eager to be gone from a world which he did not comprehend," he went, calmly and even gladly, to the guillotine.

Mr. Allison's book is a welcome addition to the growing literature of liberalism. He has revealed, in Malesherbes, a type of liberal that was widely prevalent in eighteenth-century France. Liberals like Malesherbes were convinced that civil liberties could be established without political freedom by a process called "benevolent despotism." An all-powerful monarch "enlightened" by philosophers would willingly establish civil liberties and continue to remain all-powerful. The alert Voltaire, no less than the profound Turgot, shared in this delusion. And this despite the plain record of English history, whose pages were open before them to tell how civil liberties had been won only after centuries of struggle, and how they had to be constantly guarded by parliament. The delusion vanished only after the French Revolution had destroyed all faith in arbitrary government of whatever kind.

J. SALWYN SCHAPIRO

Shorter Notices

GYPSY WATERS CRUISES SOUTH. By Don Waters. Sheridan House. $3.

Here is a tale for anyone who has ever owned or cruised in a sailboat, or dreamed of so doing. Its author, reared in the tradition of the old whaling vessels and thoroughly disheartened with the ways of men on land, invested most of his small capital in an ancient, dismasted Chesapeake bugeye, and rebuilt her himself from the frame up. Expenses were kept at a minimum by the simple expedient of doing all possible labor himself. This included, among other things, the selection of suitable live trees for the masts, which he cut and trimmed to size by hand in his own back yard. Foraging expeditions to wrecks up and down the Chesapeake yielded many usable bits of timber and hardware. The end of two years' work saw the Gypsy Waters ready to nose her way southward. The skipper with his wife and daughters then moved aboard and have lived there for several years. The book describes a leisurely cruise from the Chesapeake down the inland waterway to Florida, around the keys, and up the Florida west coast. Although the description of a hurricane which crossed their path is magnificent, the accent is not on excitement and high risks, but on the adventure of living simply. Interspersed in the narrative is much technical information on cruising equipment for tropical conditions and on single-handed navigation in Florida waters. However, the Gypsy Waters is more than a fine example of the art of shipbuilding, and her skipper is more than a clever craftsman and an able navigator. He has found a satisfying way of life for himself and his family.

THE PROLETARIAT: A CHALLENGE TO WESTERN CIVILIZATION. By Goetz A. Briefs. McGraw-Hill Book Company. $3.

This is a study of the base on which the modern social pyramid rests. It sees the proletariat as a propertyless wage class created in its present form by capitalism, an "estate" whose

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members are demarked from others by the fact that they sell their labor as a commodity in the market. But while starting with this essentially Marxian concept the author of this book doubts that the eventual philosophy of the proletariat must be Marxian or its destiny socialist or communist. He points out that the "proletarian potential" of American labor is still low and its fate linked with the middle class. He disagrees with Werner Sombart's earlier statement (Sombart, turned Nazi, would not say it now) that "Marxism is cut to the measure of the proletariat." He is rather inclined to follow Nietzsche's lead, thrown out in his "Genealogy of Morals," that the socialist society is propertyless because of the "resentment" of the creators of socialist doctrine—the resentment of a "slave morality" that glorifies its own lack of property by wiping out all property. He thus erects what is at best a shabby literary half-truth into a principle of social theory. It is not surprising that the *Wall Street Journal* finds this part of the book the most exciting, and has taken it as an occasion for introducing stockbrokers to Nietzsche's anti-massism. The book presents the now common paradox of starting with Marxian premises and ending with an anti-Marxian animus. The author's own thought is much concerned with the "human worth" of the proletariat, and leans toward the re-propertying of it and toward the distributism of the Catholic thinkers. But on the problem of how the restoration of property may be accomplished the author is silent.

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ART

Two Schools for "Technicians"

IN East Sixteenth Street, New York City, are two interesting schools. One of them has been holding its yearly exhibition. This school is the "Design Laboratory." The objects on display would seem difficult to classify under a single head. They range all the way from gold-mining machinery for Russia to electric appliances for a doctor's office, and from abstract sculpture to a streamlined tourist cabin. As objects of "art" they would seem too diverse to make much sense; but the point is that these designs are entered not as "art" but as design in industry. And in industry there is no point at which good design can end without bringing a loss.

Few displays in the exhibition can be said to be remarkable in themselves, but the purpose that they all serve is a novel one—they are designs not by students but by teachers, shown in response to a challenge from the students. The "Design Laboratory" began as one of the many WPA projects that opened entirely new channels for American creative work. It was later dropped by the government, but continued in association with a trade union of technicians, and now has emerged as an independent cooperative on its own.

In the same building with the Design Laboratory there is conducted another school, of a parallel kind. This is the Federation Technical School, operated by a union whose name matches the complication of its pursuits, namely, the Federation of Architects, Engineers, Chemists, and Technicians, a C. I. O. affiliate. The courses cover a wide range of technical subjects. In addition to operating the school the federation publishes a lively periodical called *Technical America.*

In its way, therefore, the Design Laboratory is the twentieth-century equivalent of the medieval guilds. In the guilds the master taught the apprentice, that is, the advanced craftsman taught the beginner; today it is the advanced technician training the beginning technician. Such a school differs enormously from the nineteenth-century institutions for "workmen's education." One need only reread Ruskin's "Fors Clavigera" to realize how astonishingly paternalistic were the minds of even the best men who supported such institutions. The new schools represent organized self-education.

In schools such as these the newly organized technicians and white-collar workers are maintaining the best tradition of organized work. Housing projects in New York City and its vicinity are certain to reach a higher level of excellence because a large number of men—not all chiefs and not all directors, but ambitious draftsmen, architects, and emerging planners—are here acquiring a background that will carry sound technique through from the top to the bottom. Despite the limited funds, the school, through its integrity, is able to command the services of planners such as Clarence Stein, and it houses the Henry Wright Memorial Library, one of the best single collections on housing.

DOUGLAS HASKELL

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Letters to the Editors

The Voice of Our Readers

[*Some weeks ago we asked readers to contribute comments on* The Nation, *its purposes and contents, and to suggest subjects for our attention or points of view that should be expressed. We print below selections from these, some in full and some in part. From time to time we shall publish others, giving preference to those which offer constructive suggestions.*]

Dear Sirs: I do not expect an avowedly partisan magazine to maintain the same level of objectivity as a learned journal. I am aware that certain institutions and personalities have two strikes already called on them before most of the articles or editorials are written. Still, a little less characterization as black or white would be more convincing even to one sympathetic with your general philosophy. As it is, I have to use my salt-shaker rather liberally.

On the whole question of the U. S. S. R. I note that you have been pretty much on the fence, perhaps wisely so. Of late you have become somewhat more critical of the Stalin regime. To me the lesson of Soviet experience has not been as a test of an economic system but as a warning that any form of dictatorship, whether of the "proletariat" or otherwise, cannot be trusted to evolve of its own volition into a democracy with civil liberties for the individual.

There is powerful motivation for any organized, self-conscious group to put its own immediate welfare above that of the general public. Organized labor is no exception to this tendency. It often tends to forget (somewhat understandably) that the ultimate purpose of an economic system is not jobs but goods and services. I realize that there is a circular relationship between employment and the national real income. Yet inasmuch as job security is the primary aim of trade unionism it is going to be increasingly important to strike an optimum balance between job security and such things as industrial efficiency, technological progress, promotion with regard to ability as well as seniority, and the interests of the consumer. Labor should be counseled against taking the narrow view.

HENRY S. SHRYOCK, JR.

Princeton, N. J.

Dear Sirs: Fifteen or twenty years ago *The Nation* was a good "radical" paper. Not so now. It seems to have got all the sense and originality ironed out of it—bought off. You have fallen in line nicely.

I am a farmer. I am quite an old man —seventy-six. I believe that most writers suffer from a great fear. They try to write what the people would like to hear.

A farmer is quite different from a city man. His horizon is a long way off. The city man seldom sees any farther off than a block. The lunch counter, the automat, and the obsequious waiter are doing their share in the destruction of men and our boasted civilization. Here we grow our own wheat and make it into our own bread. We raise our own beef and follow it up all the way until it goes into the glass jars. But it is a hard life. To come through needs soul and body too, resourcefulness and no fear of death.

I also know the city. I lived in it long enough to get the necessary experiences. I know London and New York. Also I know when a man is writing out of his life, his experiences, or for a loaf of bread. The wise, the inventors, and the over-studious are hurrying to knock down and make a pile of dust and ashes of our boasted progress. They need half a day at the wood pile.

ROBERT ALEXANDER

Pacific, Mo.

Dear Sirs: It has occurred to me that you might be able to do even more than you do for the adjustment of Negro problems. I recall articles about strikes in Harlem, share-cropper crises, and general labor problems from the Negro's point of view; and most of all your devotion to the Scottsboro case. All of these have been splendid. I wonder, though, if it would be possible to mention in greater detail some other problems of the Negroes, the way Langston Hughes does in "Not Without Laughter." But the most important point to emphasize is that the Negroes' enemies are the enemies of civil liberties, therefore everybody's enemies. That realization is needed throughout America—so that all types of labor, all professions, all arts will see the common foe.

MARGARET C. CLARK

Hackensack, N. J.

Dear Sirs: I wish to take this opportunity to tell you how much I look forward to *The Nation* and also to make a few suggestions. First, I think an article or a series of articles on farmers' organizations—their policies, the number of their members, how many farmers remain "rugged individualists," and how wide a disparity in understanding exists between farmers and organized labor—would be very helpful. Second, I wish *The Nation* would publish more articles about the relief crisis in various cities, particularly in Chicago. I should like to see not only an analysis of the situation but also constructive criticism.

JESSIE K. HERKIMER

Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs: I have been reading *The Nation* for many years and agree with almost everything therein. I think it is the most intelligent, fairest, and most really democratic magazine I know of, and it makes me sick at heart to see that its writings are not followed by our politicians or statesmen. So I feel you are just wasting your energy trying to civilize our country, and reading *The Nation* just makes me feel discouraged. I have decided not to subscribe for a while at least, to see whether I will feel better in heart and mind and be like the masses who do not or cannot think. I do not think democracy can survive.

H. W. NOTH

Minneapolis, Minn.

Dear Sirs: I have had a long experience in both industrial and educational employment, from floor sweeper to proprietor in one, and from teacher of subnormals to teacher of postgraduate students in the other. The first step in aiding labor is to recognize the fact that many employees in our large plants are quite as intelligent, quite as well read, and quite as capable of passing judgment on current affairs as any other group—even editors. The next step is to recognize the fact that there are in all plants persons utterly devoid of any ethical or moral standards, who are willing to take up with any line of action that promises them some personal return or advantage; and then keep in mind that it is this latter group that you are supporting when you support the Wagner Act or John L. Lewis or the A. F. of L. or the NLRB.

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The activities of these strong-arm groups are forcing employers to decrease production and employment. You are in a position to bring the facts before the public, but I can see no likelihood of your doing so.

FRANK HENRY SELDEN

Lundys Lane, Pa.

Dear Sirs: Those slanderous articles about the Soviet Union in the form of book reviews by Edmund Wilson that you published several months ago hurt me. I believe, with all true progressives, that the Soviet Union is truly the "land of hope." Its mere existence will lead the masses to seek a better life in all other countries.

Your editorials on Europe and America, however, have been enlightening. The only way to prevent another world war is through concerted economic action against the aggressors. The repeal of the Neutrality Act and the passage of the O'Connell peace act will go a long way to put the prestige of our country on the side of peace.

I believe that a victory for fascism in Spain or China affects labor throughout the world. Therefore I believe that progressives everywhere should cooperate to smash fascism wherever it arises. Hearst has been in favor of isolation for years. Isolation and a big navy have been his pets. But we know whom he represents.

M. B. TOMPKINS

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Dear Sirs: Your general letter to *Nation* subscribers regarding their laxity in keeping in touch "with the family" was interesting; but did it ever occur to you that the majority of your readers are perfectly satisfied with most of your editorial policies, news items, special features, and book reviews? As a rule you are voicing our thoughts and expressing our feelings; so, why clutter up your desk with a "Voice of the People" department? Your readers are not a herd of crackpots who are seeking to get their names in print. Let's leave that sort of stuff for *Time* or the Chicago *Tribune*.

T. F. RYLANDS

Chicago, Ill.

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